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The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

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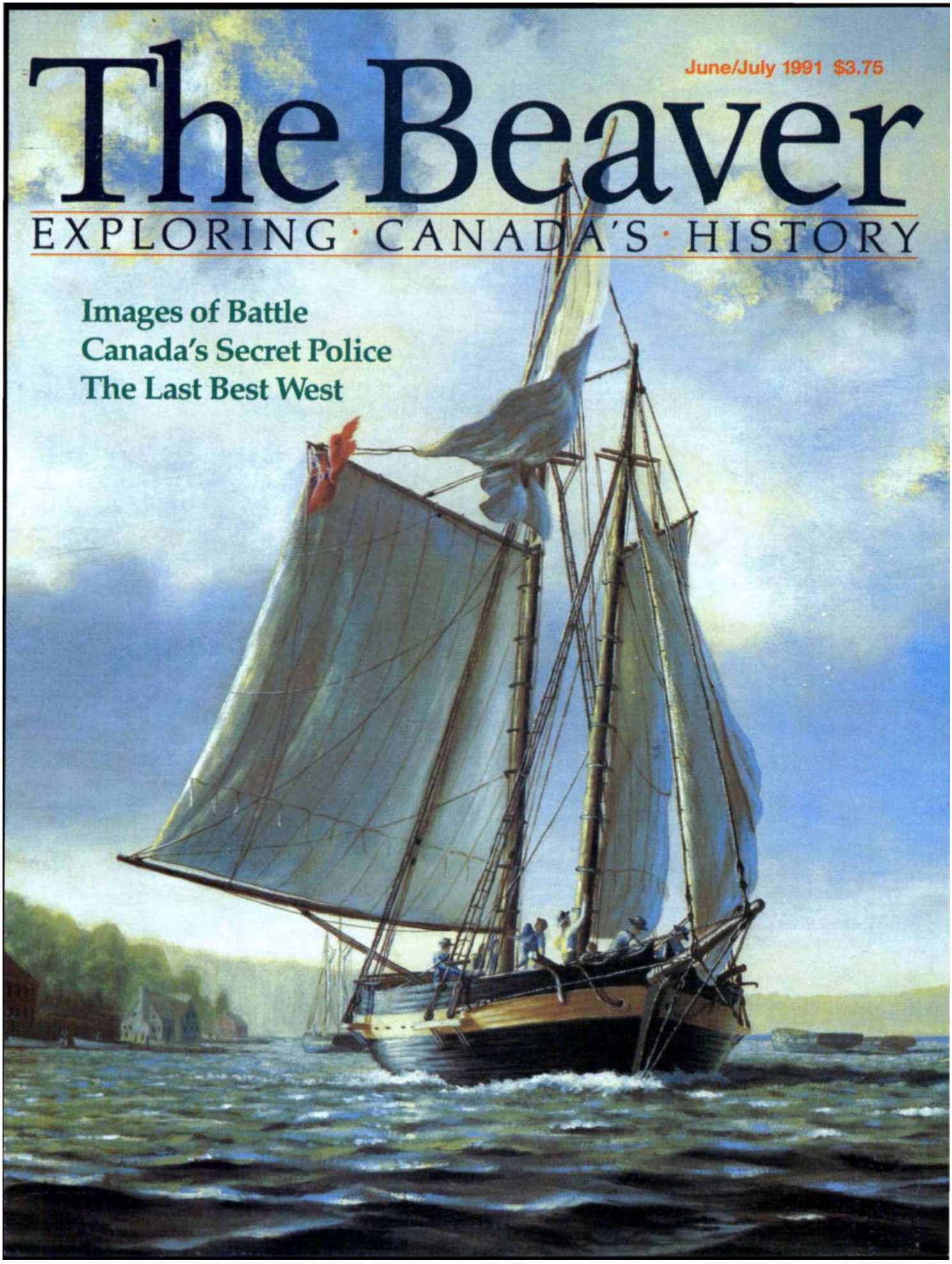
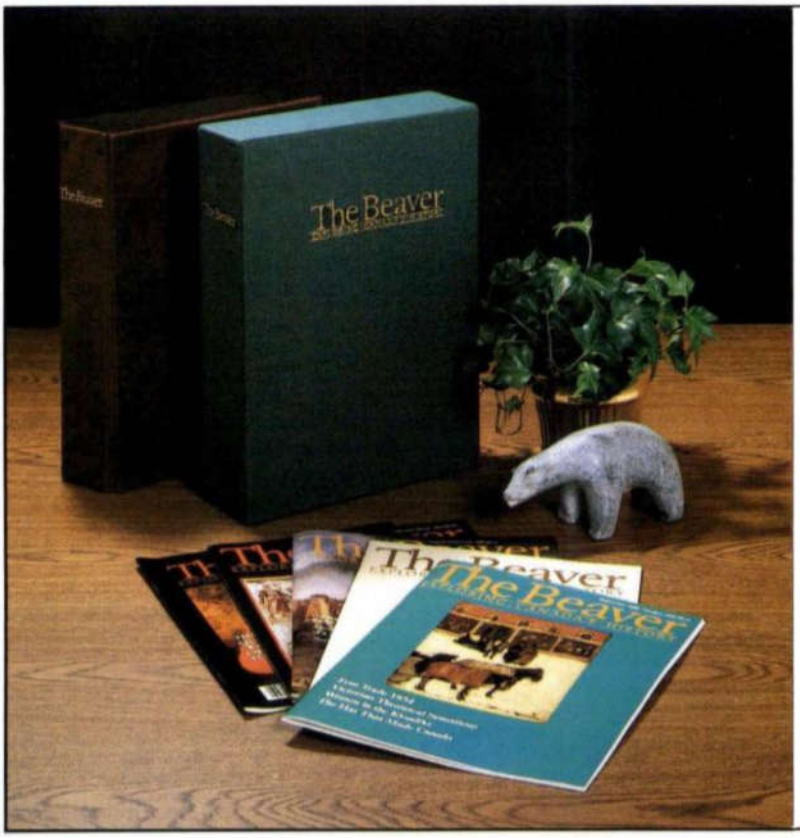
Canada's Secret Police
The Last Best West





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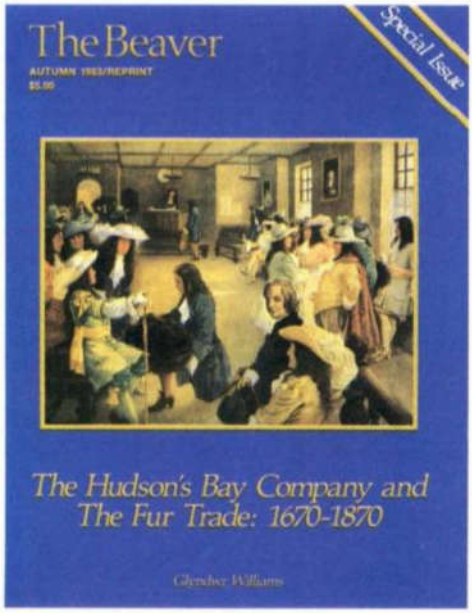

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By GLYNDWR WILLIAMS

86 pages. Illustrated

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The Beaver

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The Long Road from the Past

Confederation might be described — as an astute observer once described our relations with the American neighbour — as "Peace, with friction, for a century". It was assumed, no doubt, that as the young dominion matured the problems of Confederation would be solved and Canadians would learn to live together in harmony, an example to the world. The allotted 100 years has now long since passed but the contention continues and Canadians appear unable, for the present, to solve their national dilemma. The friction endures.

As we celebrate the 124th anniversary of the first "Dominion Day" dark clouds continue to hover in the Canadian sky. There is grim talk of rain, storms and a possible deluge.

Has Canada, a nation that was founded with hope and optimism, come to the end of the road? Some see the signs of disaster everywhere. The old links between Quebec and the other provinces seem about to break and there is frantic talk of "deadlines" and "countdowns" while politicians and other citizens scramble to find innovative ways to save the nation.

There is, as usual, little agreement on how the troubled country might be preserved. Some think that a few neat changes, possibly to the wording of the amending formula, might be sufficient. Others seek a suitable euphemism for the term "distinct society". One group feels that it might be necessary, after all, to dismantle the existing edifice and begin again. A few think that if we could just get rid of bilingualism or some other item that they don't like, all would be well. There are the well-intentioned who suppose that if we could all run out into the streets and hug our neighbours or send a greeting card to someone in the opposite linguistic group the old country might rise again in happiness in a new age of prosperity and enlightenment.

The debate rages on — at public forums, at dinner parties for six or eight and over "hot line" radio — and region contends with region, interest group with interest group. Hard words have been exchanged between old friends. People once noted for their equanimity have lost their tempers at the dinner table.

Should the provinces have more power or less? What about native rights? Is senate reform vital to national survival? Who is to blame for the present state of affairs? Do we need royalty?

It seems possible that the notion of "peace, with friction, for a century" will have to be revised. We may come to realize, in time, that "peace, with friction" is the best we can hope for in an imperfect world. It should be noted, as well, that the first word of the phrase is "peace". That is an important fact to consider. In other, less fortunate nations, a century of friction is often attended by considerable unpleasantness and very little peace. The marriage of confederation may be troubled at times, but it has seldom led to violence.

Few, however, are satisfied with things as they are in Canada. The Canada of 1991 is not the Canada of 1867 or the Canada of 1900. The Fathers of Confederation did not create an imperishable formula for national happiness. They made something that worked after a fashion and that carried us, with the occasional bump, through our first century and beyond. We now have an opportunity to examine the structure of nationhood and see how it might be improved to the satisfaction of all. We should not be rushed. There should be no talk of "countdowns" or "deadlines". If it takes time to find the right way we should be prepared to take time. The future form of the nation and the arrangement of national affairs are too important to be hurried.

Above all, we should not allow ourselves to be overwhelmed by panic. The friction that is causing our

present irritation is not exactly a new manifestation and it may well be that our national tendency toward disputation and disagreement has helped to create the tension that has kept Canada vital and awake during its first century.

In this age of guilt we might suppose that the problems that beset Canada were created by us in our own time, that Quebec's inclination toward independence began because of something that happened at a dominion-provincial meeting during the past decade or that the urge for senate reform was born one day not long ago when the Premier of Alberta was feeling out of sorts. It may be our responsibility to seek solutions to some of our national problems, but we should remember that many of them were inherited and that generations of Canadians have been agitated, bored and irritated by them too.

"We have a right to our national existence as a race apart, and woe to any man who will try to deprive us of it." These words were not uttered last winter by the present Premier of Quebec. They were spoken by another Quebec Premier, Honoré Mercier, as long ago as 1880 and have been repeated down the years by other patriots in other contexts. "Peace, with friction" has been our way of dealing with Quebec's "national dream" since Mercier's day, but there may be a better way that will make us all happy and still allow us to endure under one flag. The task is ours.

One of the great stumbling stones on the road to the future is our national inclination to yearn for an imagined past in which there was no national unity problem, no poverty, no native problem, no threat to the environment, no dishonest politicians, no fiscal disparity between provinces, no family crisis and no language dispute. There was more snow in those days but winters were much milder and in the summer it never rained on the Sunday School picnic. Contemporary historians have searched in vain for evidence of this Utopian Canada and until they locate it there is not much chance that we can go back to it. We must soldier on and realize that we have, in Canada, the makings of a remarkable and wonderful country with much of the work of preparation already done for us.

The land itself is a major asset in its great variety, richness and beauty and there is still time to find ways of using it more wisely than we have in the past. Our large cities have not yet grown beyond our control and we can still make them better and safer places in which to live.

Our greatest asset in this country is to be found in our people, those who were born here and those who have just arrived to put down roots. We have been given the opportunity to show the world that men and women from all parts of the globe can live together and create a new society unlike anything that has

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

J.W. Bengough's 1897 cartoon shows an idealized Canadian national family, with Wilfrid Laurier as Papa.

existed in the world before. Some Canadians lament the fact that Canada has changed in the last half-century and is no longer essentially "European" in background. This change is, to many Canadians, our great opportunity to seize the future. We can tap the energy, the imagination and the talent of the entire planet in the creation of a new Canadian citizenship. This "new Canada" could serve as an example to the nations.

We talk of creating a new Confederation and finding new ways of governing the nation. The road from the past to the future is a long one and the creation of a new nation is not that easy, but it may be that the new nation is already being created and that our future will only begin when we discover what we have become.

Until then, "peace, with friction" may be the best that we have to go on with. It has carried us this far, slightly tattered and a bit disconcerted, but still together. If we can keep our balance and our sense of proportion the old formula may see us through to the destiny that we dream of as we celebrate our 124th birthday in the warm Canadian summer of 1991. ♦

— Christopher Dafoe

Peter Rindlisbacher has added a new collection of images to the historic record of the War of 1812. Since 1984 he has created studies in paint of the ships in the American and British squadrons that struggled for control of the Great Lakes. His work has earned accolades from judges and collectors alike, making Rindlisbacher a name to be watched in the field of marine artists.

Raised in the small community of St. Clair Beach on the outskirts of Windsor, Ontario, Peter grew up in a home rich with an appreciation of the arts. His mother, Eleanor, is a commercial artist who made sure her six children had an endless supply of paper and pencils of every colour. Harold Rindlisbacher, owner of Windsor Print and Litho Ltd., took his son with him to work, where Peter spent many hours watching the printers painstakingly perfect each assignment.

The Rindlisbacher family also had strong links to the world afloat. At an early age Peter learned to sail on the waters of Lake St. Clair. By the time he was in high school Rindlisbacher had gained summer employment as a sailing instructor at the South Port Sailing Club. He also developed a first hand knowledge of the nature of the larger lakes when he participated as a crew member in sailboat races on lakes Erie and Huron.

Apart from secondary school art courses, Peter took no early steps toward making a career out of art. Similarly, he viewed sailing as a pleasurable pastime rather than a professional goal. It was the field of psychology that interested him, so he began his post-secondary education at the University of Alberta. He is currently nearing the culmination of a doctoral program in clinical psychology at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario.

Rindlisbacher's pursuit of painting as a leisure time activity continued through his early university years, becoming more important as time passed. In 1985, his interest was piqued by news that a project was underway in Amherstburg, Ontario, to re-create a naval vessel from the 1812 period. He contacted the organizers of the "HMS *Detroit* Project" and offered to render a depiction of the ship in oils. His proposal was eagerly accepted.

The *Detroit* Project had been in operation since 1981. Members of the Amherstburg town council had authorized a plan to build a replica of the flagship of the British squadron that sailed to defeat at the hands of American Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry on 10 September 1813.

Rindlisbacher studied all the available information on the *Detroit* and then produced a view of the ship as she appeared before the battle. He donated the finished work to the *Detroit* Project, the organizers of which put the painting on display in their store. A run of prints was made from the original and sold by the Amherstburg group.

Peter's interest in the story of His Majesty's Ship *Detroit* did not end with that first painting. He decided to make a second view showing a critical moment in the battle. The outcome was a large scale panorama of the action at the moment when the U.S. brig *Niagara*, with Perry on board, cut the British line, delivering broadsides that ended the engagement. Unlike other classic representations of the scene that show storm-tossed clouds and rough seas, Peter tried to represent the actual conditions under which the battle was waged; clear blue skies over waters lightly rippled by a ten-knot breeze. The tableau is, arguably, the most accurate depiction of the battle ever recorded by an artist's brushes.

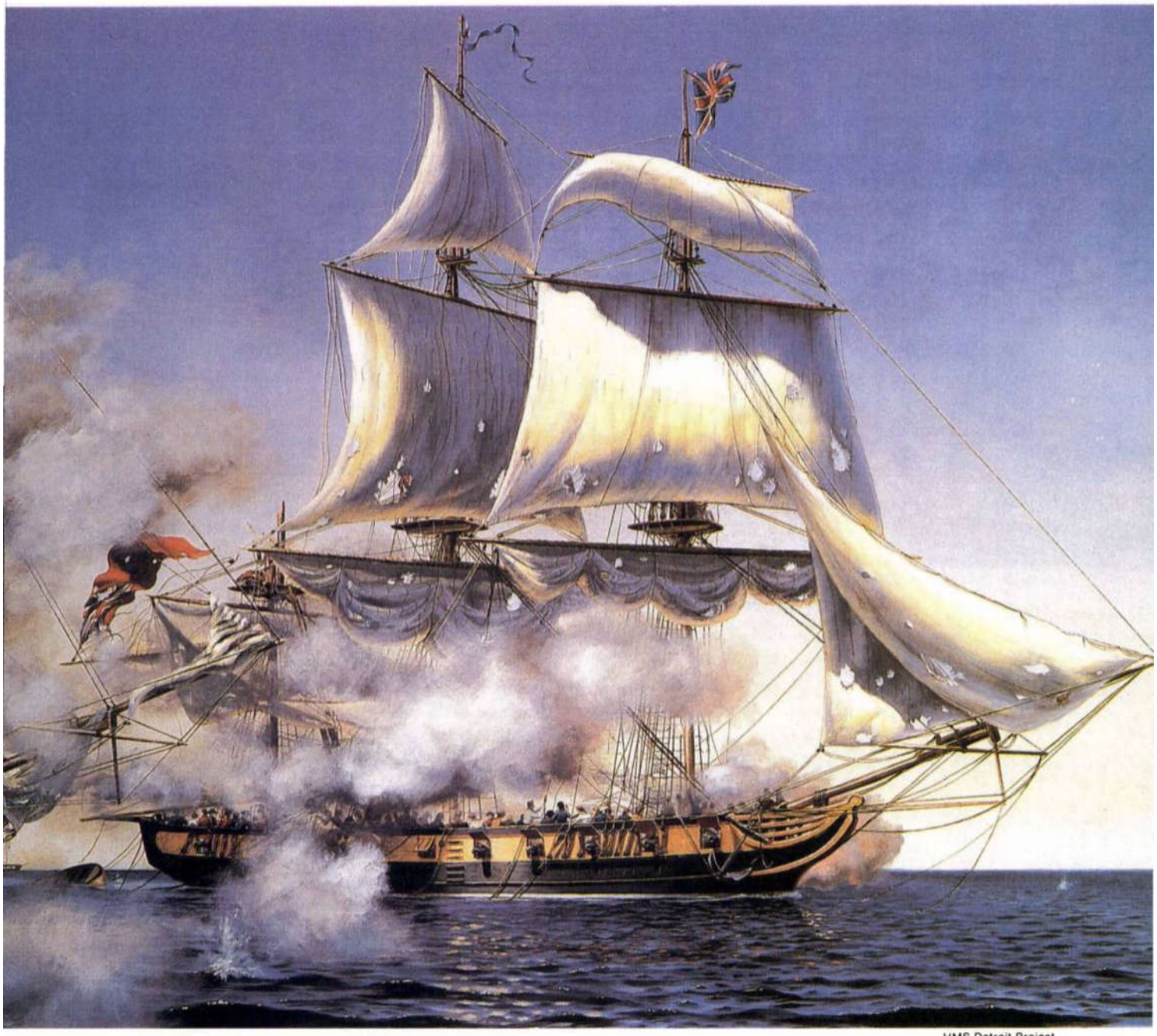
Rindlisbacher maintained his affiliation with the HMS *Detroit* Project by completing a third canvas of Barclay's ships as they left Amherstburg on 9 September 1813 to meet the American squadron. The painting proved to be a success and was purchased for display at the Fort Malden Historic Site at Amherstburg. A companion to this scene, presenting a view of the American squadron heading out to meet the British, was bought by U.S. State Parks Service and shown at the Perry Memorial at Put-in-Bay.

While he was still working with the *Detroit* Project Peter began to portray other ships from the early 1800s period on the Great Lakes. One of them was the *Bee*,

Peter Rindlisbacher, Marine Artist

IMAGES OF BATTLE

By Thomas and Robert Malcomson



HMS Detroit Project

Peter Rindlisbacher's vision of HMS "Detroit" in the thick of the fight, 10 September 1813, a detail from the painting "The Battle of Lake Erie".

Historic Sackets Harbour

"Sackets Harbour 1813". The armed schooner "Hamilton" approaches her anchorage at the American naval base at Sackets Harbour.

"Enemy in Sight". HMS "Wolfe" leads the British squadron out of Toronto harbour, September 1813.

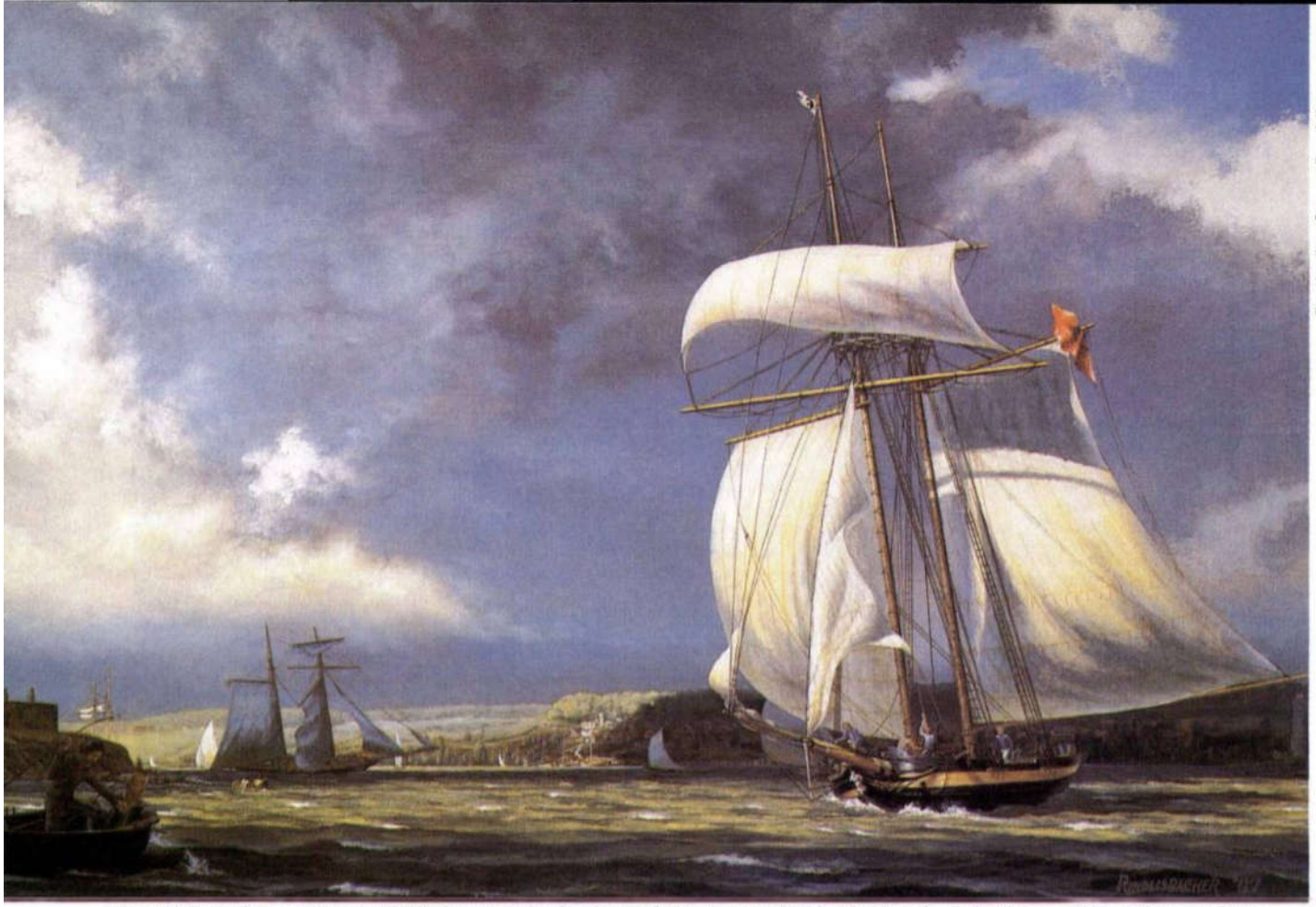
Canadian War Museum

Marine Museum of the Great Lakes, Kingston

"Kingston Harbour, circa 1885". The ages of sail and steam touch at a lost moment in history.

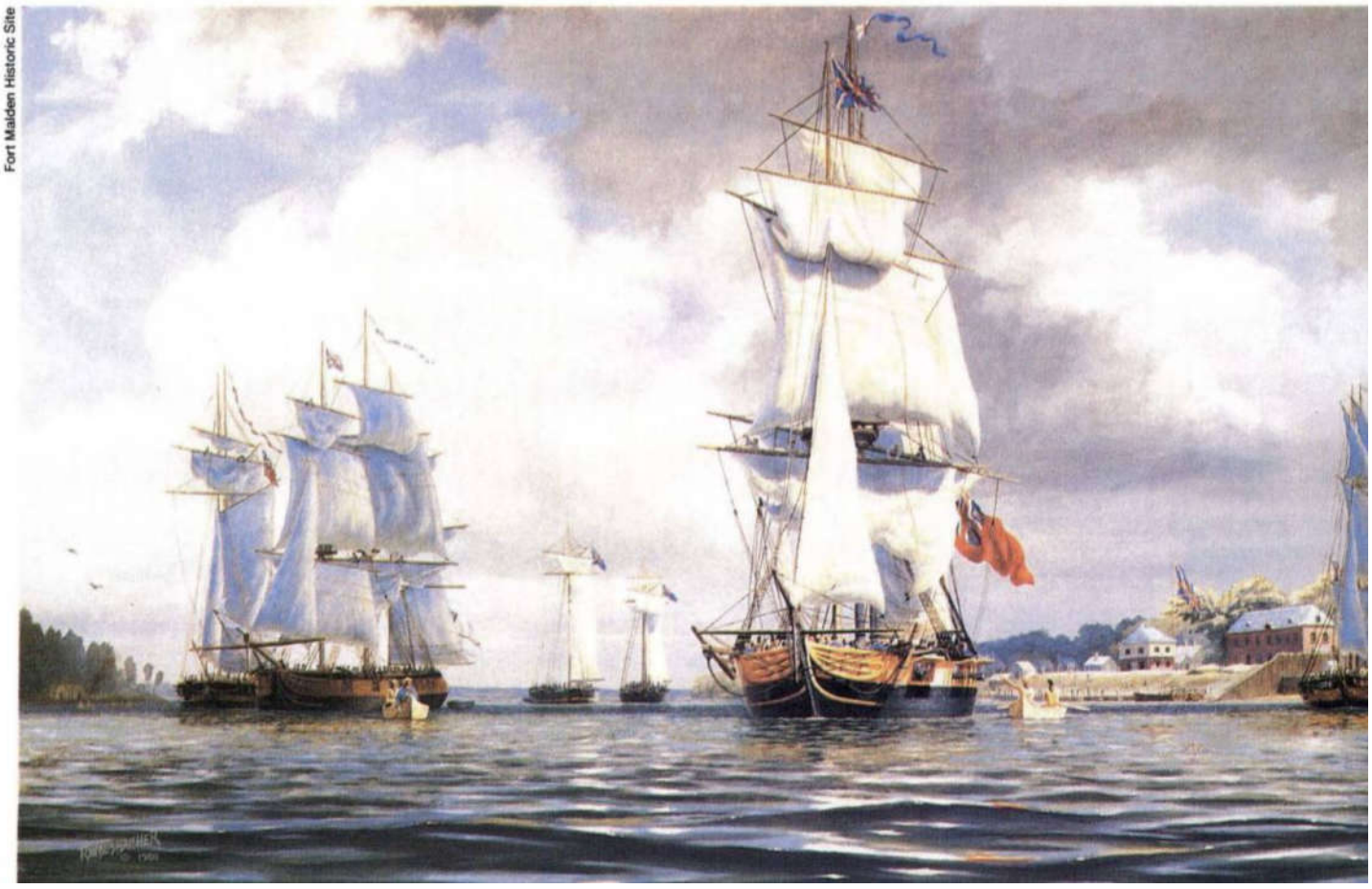
"Burlington Races". Crippled after an encounter with the American fleet, the British flagship "Wolfe" runs to safety at Burlington Bay (War of 1812-1814).

Hamilton/Scourge Foundation



The Hamilton/Scourge Foundation

Above: "The Harbour at Niagara, 1811". On opposite tacks, the merchant schooners "Lord Nelson" (right) and "Diana" sail from the mouth of the Niagara River in 1811.



Fort Malden Historic Site

a diminutive Royal Navy schooner that cruised the upper lakes during the 1820s. A replica of the *Bee*, launched in 1984, sails out of the Military and Naval Establishment at Penetanguishene, a historic reconstruction site on the southeast corner of Georgian Bay.

Two other schooners became the subjects for Rindlisbacher's brushes. They were the British *Lord Nelson* and the American *Diana*, depicted in the process of leaving the mouth of the Niagara River beneath a menacing sky in the pre-war days of 1811. The *Diana* appears in a second Rindlisbacher painting, this time as the armed schooner *Hamilton*, which had been added to American Commodore Isaac Chancey's fleet along with the captured *Lord Nelson* (re-named *Scourge*.) The officials of the *Hamilton/Scourge* Foundation have worked with Peter to promote his paintings and their project at the same time. It is this type of cooperative relationship with groups interested in the study of Great Lakes marine history that Rindlisbacher has tried to cultivate as his side career as an artist has developed.

The *Hamilton/Scourge* Foundation owns one of Peter's most dramatic studies. The painting shows a partially dismasted warship bearing down on a perilous lee shore. The ship is the British corvette *Wolfe*, flagship of Commodore James Lucas Yeo, damaged during the September 1813 running engagement with the Americans that has become known as "The Burlington Races".

Preparation of a scene like the beleaguered *Wolfe* requires considerable attention to research and detail. Rindlisbacher consults history texts and documents to locate as much written information about an event as possible. He visits the sites of the action to take photographs and to make sketches and notes. In his studio he turns to his picture file, which contains close to 3,000 photos, drawings and prints of nearly every type of sailing ship and sea condition. From these sources Rindlisbacher puts together a "file" for his subject. He then frames the picture in pencil from a number of different angles. In order to get the proportions right, the artist will study plastic models placed in different positions or mold hulls and other features out of plasticene.

The exposure gained by Rindlisbacher through his affiliation with various historical societies has made his art popular around the Great Lakes. One of his illustrations of the British fleet at Amherstburg has been featured on the label for Canadian Champagne, a product of the Pelee Island Winery and Vineyards of Kingsville, Ontario. Peter is currently under commission to paint new depictions of the battle of Lake Erie, as well as a view of Kingston harbour in the late 1800s. Officials of the Military and Naval Establishment at Penetanguishene have asked him to work in association with a building project. He has also been approached by a collector in Edmonton, Alberta to portray the arrival of the steamboat *Northcote* at Fort Edmonton during the 1880s.

The summer of 1990 saw Rindlisbacher earn critical acclaim for two of his recent works. *Enemy In Sight*, which features the squadron of Sir James Yeo sweeping out of York on its way to meet the Americans for the encounter that became "The Burlington Races", won the prize for "best in show" at the annual Toronto Marine Museum Art Show and was subsequently purchased by the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa. A second painting displayed later in the summer was purchased by the Marine Museum for the Toronto bicentennial celebration. This canvas shows the arrival of Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe at York in 1793.

While his involvement in art has deepened Peter has continued to pursue his educational goals. He will advance to an internship before attaining provincial registration as a clinical psychologist. More than once people have expressed surprise at his simultaneous dedication to psychology and art.

"It puzzles me as well sometimes," Rindlisbacher admits. "I love recreating history with my brush, but I also enjoy working with people. I'm hoping that I can balance the two for awhile and get better at both."

Whatever shape that balance between career and pastime takes, there is little doubt that Peter will follow through with his intention to develop his interest in art. He has already set as his goal the production of a catalogue of paintings detailing all the naval actions on the Great Lakes during the War of 1812. The results of his first half-decade of production indicate that he possesses the potential to achieve that aim and, in so doing, he may become one of the leading portrayers of Great Lakes history. ◆

Robert and Thomas Malcomson are the authors of "HMS Detroit: The Battle for Lake Erie" published in December 1990 by Vanwell Publishing of St. Catharines, Ontario and by Naval Institute Press in the United States.

Opposite: "Barclay's Fleet, Amherstburg, 9 September 1813". During the early afternoon of 9 September Royal Navy Commander Robert Barclay set off with his fleet to meet the Americans near Put-in-Bay.

An Artist in Search of Franklin

KLUTSCHAK

By William Barr

In the spring of 1859, working from their ship, *Fox*, in winter quarters at Port Kennedy at the east end of Bellot Strait, Captain Leopold McClintock and Lieutenant William Hobson searched the shores of King William Island for traces of the Franklin expedition, missing since 1845, and found sufficient clues to indicate that it was in this area that the expedition had come to a tragic end. A document found by Lieutenant Hobson at Point Victory indicated that Sir John Franklin had died on 11 June 1847 and that his second-in-command, Lieutenant F.R.M. Crozier, had abandoned the expedition's ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, which had been beset in the ice off the northwest coast of King William Island since September 1846, in April 1848. Crozier and his party of 104 men had then set off southwards with sledges and boats, intending to ascend the Back River, presumably with a view to reaching a Hudson's Bay Company post such as Fort Rae or Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake. A litter of abandoned equipment and clothing and a gruesome trail of skeletons along the west and south coasts of King William Island suggested that none of the expedition members had survived.

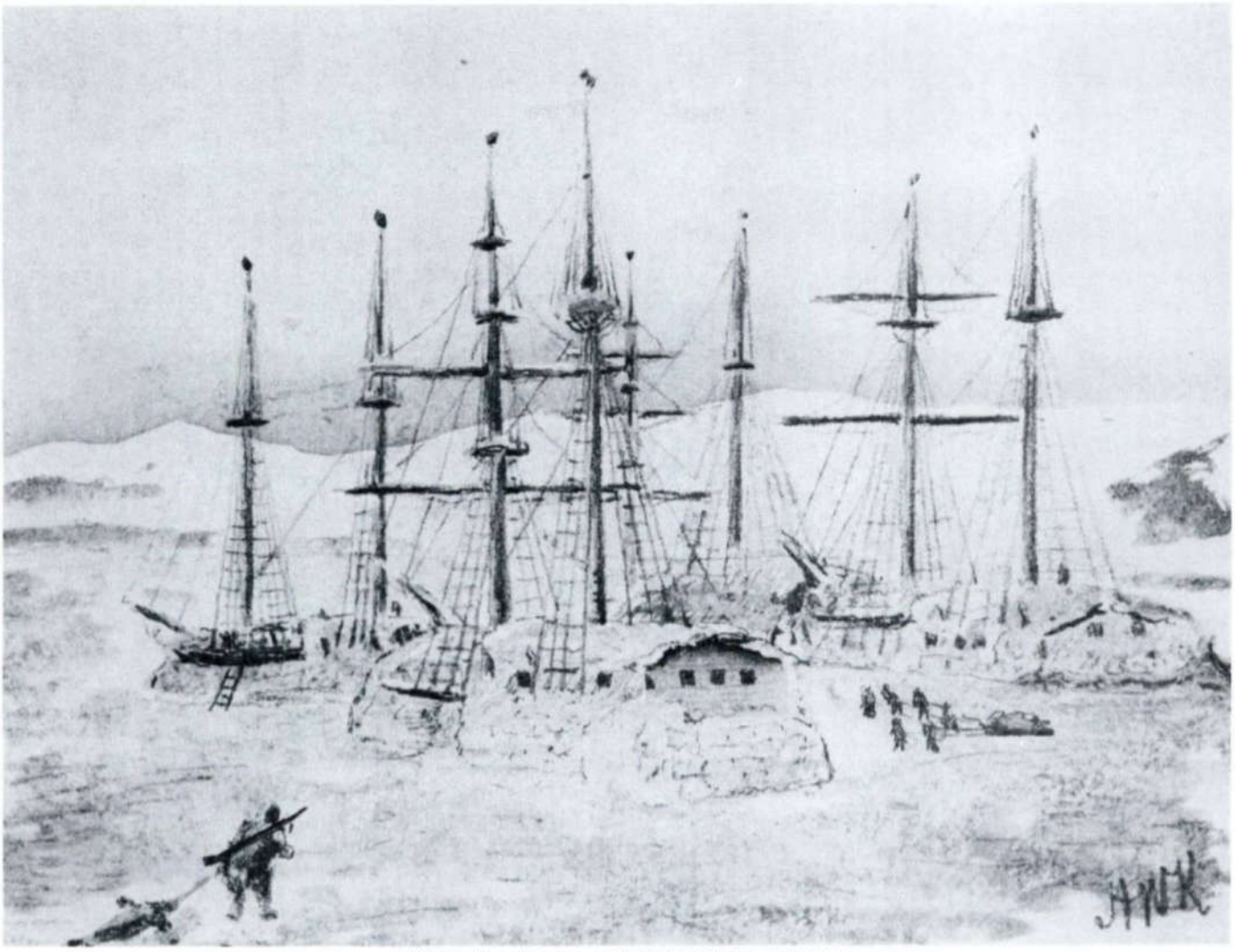
For a number of years interest in the details of the fate of the Franklin expedition lapsed, but then in the mid-1870s there was a marked revival of interest, especially in the United States. The cause was a rumour, allegedly picked up from the Inuit by an American whaling captain, Captain Thomas Barry. While wintering aboard the whaler *Glacier* at Repulse Bay in 1871-73 he had allegedly heard the local Inuit talking of a visit by a party led by a "stranger in uniform", who had left a large quantity of papers in a cairn; it was surmised that the "stranger in uniform" might have been Crozier and that the papers might be the logs and journals of the Franklin expedition.

Barry's story resulted in several articles in the *New York Herald*, and its editor James Gordon Bennett conceived the idea of mounting an expedition to try to find the cairn and recover the Franklin expedition journals. John B. Morrison, of the New York whaling company of Morrison and Brown, offered his schooner *Eothen*, under Captain Barry's command, to transport the expedition to Hudson Bay. And Judge Charles Daly, president of the American Geographical Society, arranged for that society to sponsor the search expedition.

The expedition was extremely modest in terms of its size and logistics: it consisted of only four Europeans: the leader Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka of the Third U.S. Cavalry; Colonel William H. Gilder, correspondent for the *New York Herald*; Frank Melms, a former whaler from Wisconsin; and artist and surveyor Heinrich Wenzl Klutschak, a native of Prague. Both of the latter members had previously wintered on board whaling vessels at Repulse Bay. Another important member of the party was Eskimo Joe (or Ebierbing), a native of Cumberland Sound on Baffin Island, who had accompanied several earlier expeditions in the capacity of interpreter and hunter.

It was a remarkable expedition in many ways. By adopting Inuit techniques and diet as fully as possible Schwatka and his companions were able to make a sledge journey from the northwest coast of Hudson Bay to the northern tip of King William Island and back, which surpassed any previously undertaken by Europeans and has rarely been equalled since. In just under one year they travelled some 5,200 kilometres. The return journey across the Keewatin tundra from the Back River to Depot Island was made in the depths of the arctic winter with temperatures persistently hovering around −50°C. Yet there were no fatalities, and not even any serious injuries or ill health.

In terms of its primary objective — locating records left by the Franklin expedition — the expedition might be considered to have been a failure. On the other hand it was able to confirm earlier rumours, by means of first-hand Inuit reports, that the Inuit had found documents and papers but that they had been given to the children to play with, or had been left to the mercy of the wind and weather. Hence Schwatka's expedition did make some contribution, even if negative, in this regard.



Whaling ships wintering at Marble Island, winter 1878-79.

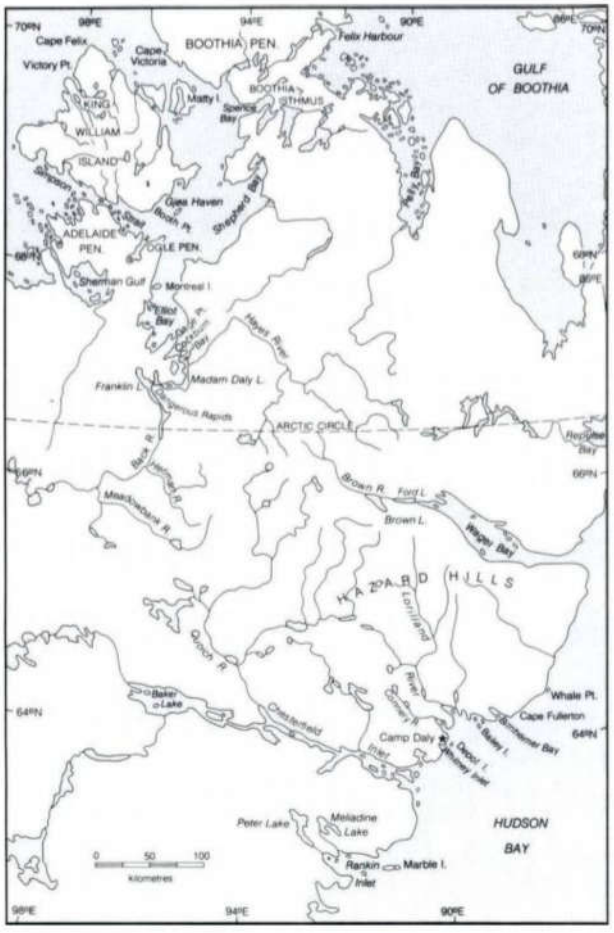
The real success of the expedition lay in its discovery of a considerable number of skeletons (complete or partial) along the shores of King William Island and Adelaide Peninsula, which must have been buried in snow at the time of McClintock's and Hobson's search. With the exception of one identifiable skeleton, that of Lieutenant John Irving, identified by a medal left with the body, all the skeletal remains were buried where found and the sites marked with cairns. Another major success lay in locating and in many cases recovering, important relics of the Franklin expedition. These relics, including as large an object as the stem of one of the ship's boats from King William Island, were transported back across the Keewatin by dog sledge to Depot Island and taken to the United States. They were then returned to England and are now housed in the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich where they are periodically displayed.

Immediately after the expedition's return W.H. Gilder's account of its adventures appeared in serialized form in the *New York Herald* and within a year he had published a book, *Schwatka's search: sledging in the Arctic in quest of the Franklin records*. Schwatka himself did not publish a general account of the expedition at the time. It was not until 1965 that an edited version of his private journal from the expedition appeared in print, under the title *The long arctic search: the narrative of Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, U.S.A., 1878-1880, seeking the records of the lost Franklin expedition*. Like Gilder, Klutschak published an account of the expedition almost immediately, in Vienna and in German, under the title *Als Eskimo unter den Eskimos: eine Schilderung der Erlebnisse der Schwatka'schen Franklin-Aufsuchungs-Expedition in den Jahren 1878-1880*, and over a century later, in 1987, I published an edited English translation of

this book under the title *Overland to Starvation Cove. With the Inuit in search of Franklin 1878-1880* (University of Toronto Press).

Klutschak probably made dozens of sketches of different scenes and events during the expedition but despite a fairly exhaustive search I was able to find only one of Klutschak's original paintings or drawings and hence was obliged to content myself with reproducing the lithographs from Klutschak's German text (based on his original sketches and paintings) when it came to illustrating the English edition. But then in the spring of 1989, while searching for something totally unrelated to the Schwatka expedition in the National Archives of Canada I stumbled across some 30 of Klutschak's original field sketches. Some had formed the basis for the lithographs which had illustrated both Gilder's and Klutschak's books but the lithographers had in many cases been unable to capture the atmosphere of the original. And a priceless few of the Klutschak originals have never previously been published. This situation will now, in part, be remedied.

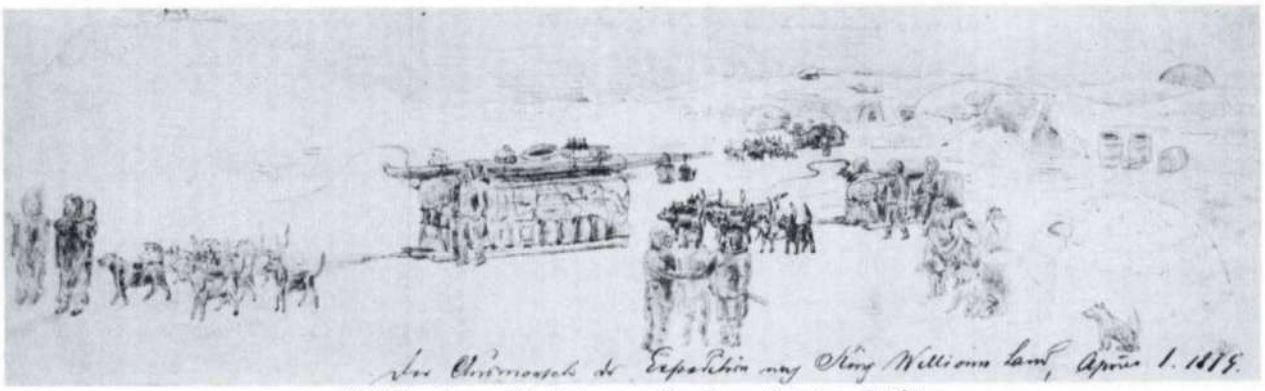
The expedition sailed from New York aboard the whaling schooner *Eothen* on 17 June 1878 and reached Depot Island in northwestern Hudson Bay on 6 August.



The expedition and its limited reserves of supplies were landed over the next few days and they established their base at Camp Daly on the mainland opposite the island. There they were joined by quite a large number of Aivilingmiut who pitched their tents around those of the expedition. Over the next few months Schwatka and his companions learned as much as they could from the Inuit in terms of hunting and travelling techniques, until most of their neighbours moved away to their fall hunting grounds, with the exception of two families. When the temperature began dropping sharply in late October, the expedition members were very glad of the assistance of these Inuit in helping them build suitable quarters for the start of the winter.

In January, travelling in several parties with varying numbers of Inuit, the expedition members paid a visit to Marble Island, where several whaling vessels were wintering, in part for a change of scene, in part to check the various rumours concerning the alleged documents from the Franklin expedition. After a hair-raising crossing on very thin ice from the mainland to Marble Island Klutschak and Gilder, with a group of some 60 Inuit, finally reached the sheltered harbour at the west end of the island in the early hours of a morning in mid-January:

> Four whaling ships lay in winter quarters in the harbour on Marble Island (which is so named from the whitish, marble-like limestone of which it is composed). In daylight their appearance presented a remarkable picture as they all lay, without yards, and walled up with snow, alongside or astern of each other.
>
> . . . From a social viewpoint life on Marble Island was very pleasant, especially when the other party, including Lieutenant Schwatka and Melms, reached it. But in terms of acclimatization and health conditions we immediately realized how useful and beneficial the months we had spent at Camp Daly had been. The state of health of the men aboard the ships was really lamentable; scurvy had not only revealed its symptoms but, if I may express myself as a layman, had reached quite epidemic proportions.
>
> Like the majority of shipowners, the whaling owners were concerned more with profit than with the state of health of their employees; hence the latter were instructed to eat raw meat as their sole antidote to scurvy.
>
> Partly due to the large number of wintering ships, partly due to the meagre results of the fall and winter hunts of the Qairnirmiut who live nearby, meat was available only in very small quantities this year.
>
> In particular the Portuguese (natives of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands) aboard one ship were suffering very greatly, and two of them already lay apparently hopelessly sick. . . .



The Schwatka expedition's departure from Camp Daly, 1 April 1879.

Schwatka and his party started back north for Camp Daly on 1 March. Then on 1 April they set off with three dog teams for King William Island:

> 1 April had been set as the date of our departure for King William Island and by 11.00 a.m. all preparations were complete and everything was ready for the departure. The heavily laden sledges, whose total load amounted to 4500-5000 lbs, the dogs harnessed in front of them, and the figures dressed in heavy fur clothing all combined to form a group full of life, such as is rarely to be seen in these regions. Standing around the travellers, and dressed in lighter clothing, were the Inuit of the Aivilik group, who had spent the winter in our company; at our departure they shouted a final "Tavvautit!" (Farewell!) as Lieutenant Schwatka gave the signal and the sledges finally got under way to the cracking of whips, the howling of dogs and the strenuous cooperation of everybody present.

Apart from the four Europeans and Ebierbing, the party included 11 Inuit, including 3 women and 3 children, one family being of the Netsilingmiut from the King William Island area. That first night (and every night thereafter for several months) snow houses were built.

> A fairly substantial snowdrift, 3-4 feet deep, is the most suitable spot for building snow houses; however, it is essential that the drift has not accumulated as the product of several storms, since the various layers would result in the disintegration of the snow blocks. Both with regard to quantity and quality the snow is tested by the Eskimo by means of an iron rod, such as they use for catching seals, or a stick made from a caribou antler. The sledges, which have stopped temporarily, are brought up to the selected site, and the work begins.
>
> If construction of a snow house is to proceed rapidly, it involves two men, one cutting the blocks, and the other assembling the house. The house itself consists of a dome built of snow blocks, 3 feet long, 1½-2 feet wide and 6 inches thick; these are not laid in layers but are so arranged that they form an unbroken, continuous spiral. Having practised from childhood the art of building this primitive yet ingenious structure, the Eskimo endows the entire structure with a very beautiful shape and inserts the final horizontal block, the keystone of the entire dome, with equal skill. The women also play a role in building a snow house; their task is to strengthen the walls by throwing snow on them.

The women were also responsible for arranging the interior of the snow house:

Klutschak photographed in Prague by court photographer H. Eckert in late 1880 or early 1881 following his return from the Arctic. Photo courtesy Frau Erna Hintsteiner, Grossgmain, Austria.

Inuit woman tending the flame in a soapstone blubber lamp.

The lamps and kettles, both hollowed out of soapstone, are set up in the corners; they represent the prized possessions and the pride of the Eskimo wife and guarantee her a place on the corner of the sleeping platform. While the snow house is still cold the woman begins lighting her lamp, and arranges the long flame evenly so that it scarcely smokes yet heats the kettle hanging over it most efficiently; the latter is already filled with meat and water.

Heading north via the valley of the Lorillard River, the party crossed an area of hilly country south of the Brown River and Wager Bay. On 9 April:

> . . . we travelled through the "Southwest Pass", named for its alignment. It consisted of the bed of a small stream whose banks consisted of sheer rock walls, which, with the snow drifted into their joints presented a very beautiful winter landscape.

On 12 April they crossed the divide between Hudson Bay and Wager Bay. On that day, as usual they stopped for a noon break; Klutschak makes no reference in his book to this occasion, but he did sketch it, in one of the most evocative of all his drawings. He accurately portrays all the features of a tea-break on the trail, an event that was as important in Klutschak's day as it is in the Arctic today. Such details as the arrangement of the stove in the lee of a windbreak of snowblocks, or of the procedure of cutting further blocks to extend that windbreak, are very faithfully portrayed.

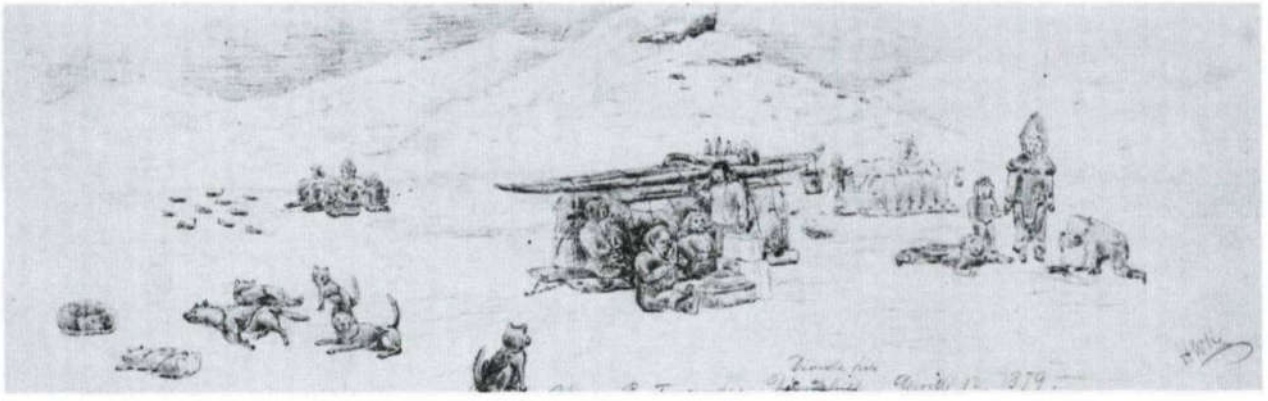
Over the next few days the party traversed some very hilly terrain and encountered some steep gradients.

> The terrain descended steeply and we were often obliged to travel down a steep slope. On these occasions the dogs were unharnessed and raced after the sledges, which were each left in the control of just two men. Once in motion the sledge shoots down the smooth snow surface at a fearful speed due simply to gravity and the drivers reach the bottom in every possible position, having remained with the sledge only to avoid a collision as far as possible. But if the slope is particularly long and steep the Eskimo use a coiled walrus-hide line as a brake, throwing it over the front end of the sledge runner at a suitable moment to increase the friction.

Pushing on northwards across the basin of the Brown River, on 9 May the party crossed yet another divide, that separating the Hudson Bay drainage from that flowing to the Back River:

> The closer we approached the higher the hill seemed; reluctantly we finally unharnessed our dogs in order to let the sledges down a slope in our well-tried manner. But in this case Mother Nature turned out to be particularly cooperative since on reaching the foot of the hill we reached a stream scarcely

A tea "brew-up" on the trail, 12 April 1879.



twelve feet wide, which flowed into a large pond, then out of it again.

The sun's noon altitude revealed a latitude of 66° 47′N for our stopping place at midday, and from all appearances we were at the source of a river which we immediately named the Hayes River in honour of the then President of the United States [Rutherford B. Hayes, president 1877-1881.]

Shortly afterwards a conspicuous black rock tower on the summit of a hill above the river offered a convenient lookout point:

> From a hill 600-700 feet high, which we named Stewart's Monument and which was crowned with a large black block of granite that offered a fine distant view, one could follow the stream channel for miles to the north.

Farther down the Hayes River rock cairns and other signs of human occupance began to appear: then on the 14th they found a recently abandoned snow house and the tracks of men and dogs heading north. Next day they reached the camp of a group of Utkuhikhalingmiut:

> Everything was proceeding in the usual order of march, when the dogs of the leading team suddenly displayed unease, and they began, unbidden, to run with the sledge, something which happened very rarely. After a few minutes a small group of snow houses appeared, and in front of them some human figures could be seen moving. The people disap-

Using a coiled walrus-hide line as a brake during a downhill run.

The black rock-mass crowning Stewart's Monument on the Hayes River.

First meeting with the Utkuhikhalingmiut on the Hayes River.

peared and we left the sledges standing half a mile away, in order to observe the customary formalities on a first meeting with an unknown tribe; Eskimo Joe would not have it any other way. Our appearance was almost comical as we strode toward the village with our rifles. Apart from some dogs which came running toward us there was nothing to be seen. Only after several requests did we manage to entice the poor people out of their houses. Displaying the greatest fear they formed up in a line facing us, armed with spears, bows and arrows, and asked us about the purpose of our trip and about our destination. We gladly gave them the requested information. The assurance that our intentions toward them were quite friendly began to dispel their mistrust and after a short time they invited us to build our houses near theirs and to spend a few days in their company. This invitation was accepted, the sledges were brought up, and with massive help from our new friends our dwellings rose up out of the ground with great rapidity. The first mutual encounter between different Inuit tribes always has a stamp of mistrust and caution, and no matter how poor their weapons they stay in their hands until the parties involved have reached an understanding.

Schwatka and party spent four days with this hospitable group of Inuit and were delighted to find a range of relics from the Franklin expedition. A variety of implements from arrow-tips to snow shovels and lances were made from wood or metal which had clearly come from the missing ships. And even more importantly, one of the older members of this small group of Utkuhikhalingmiut had seen and visited one of the ships, beset in the ice off Grant Point on the west side of Adelaide Peninsula.

Their hosts were also able to tell them that the Hayes River flowed into the Back River only a few days' travel to the north. One of the group, accompanied by his wife and young daughter joined Schwatka's party as a guide; on 18 May they started north down the Hayes River:

> On the evening of the 19th we reached a great bend in the river where it swung to the southwest; since we had been alerted by the Inuit we left the river

at about 67° 30'N, climbed the right bank, and headed west to reach the mouth of the Back River.

Having reached the mouth of the Back River they next crossed to Montreal Island then continued across Ogle Peninsula and Barrow Gulf to the northeast coast of Adelaide Peninsula. Here they found the first of several Netsilingmiut villages, and were treated to rather an unusual form of welcome:

> . . . on an arm of the sea about a mile away stood 13-15 snow houses of the above mentioned Netsilingmiut. Inuit emerged from every house and gazed up at us in amazement. As with every new encounter we left the sledges in the care of the women and walked towards the village. Halfway there, the bearer of a flag-of-truce, in the person of a middle-aged woman, came towards us. The closer she approached our group the slower and shorter her steps became and her features betrayed a certain unease. She carried a small knife as a weapon. However strange this custom of sending a woman to meet strangers may seem, it is always practised by this tribe.

Reassured as to the identity of the strangers and as to the purpose of their trip, this group of Inuit also gave the party a warm welcome and they built their snow houses next to the village. Within this group there were several older people who had found relics of the Franklin expedition, and over the next few days Schwatka and Klutschak questioned them all closely. They heard of the discovery of a boat with skeletons in it at a location nearby and, most exciting of all, a first-hand account by a woman about 55 years of age, of meeting a group of about 10 whites near Cape Herschel on King William Island, walking south and pulling a boat on a sledge. Just as in the camp on the Hayes River, these Inuit also possessed a wide range of relics from the Franklin expedition, which had been "recycled" into tools, implements and weapons.

Over the next couple of weeks the party made its way west along the north shore of Adelaide Peninsula and on 10 June crossed the ice of Simpson Strait; on the 12th they reached Cape Herschel, marked by a massive cairn erected by Peter Dease and Thomas Simpson during their exploration of the arctic coast in 1839. Here the party split up. Most of the Inuit in the party were to remain in the vicinity of Simpson Strait, under the supervision of Eskimo Joe, their task being to spend the summer in amassing a substantial reserve of meat and blubber for the return trip to Hudson Bay. Only Tulugaq and his family would accompany the whites on their search of the shores of King William Island.

The weather by now was getting quite warm, and a fully domed snow house would have been likely to collapse. As a compromise at Cape Herschel the party's Inuit roofed the snow houses with skins spread

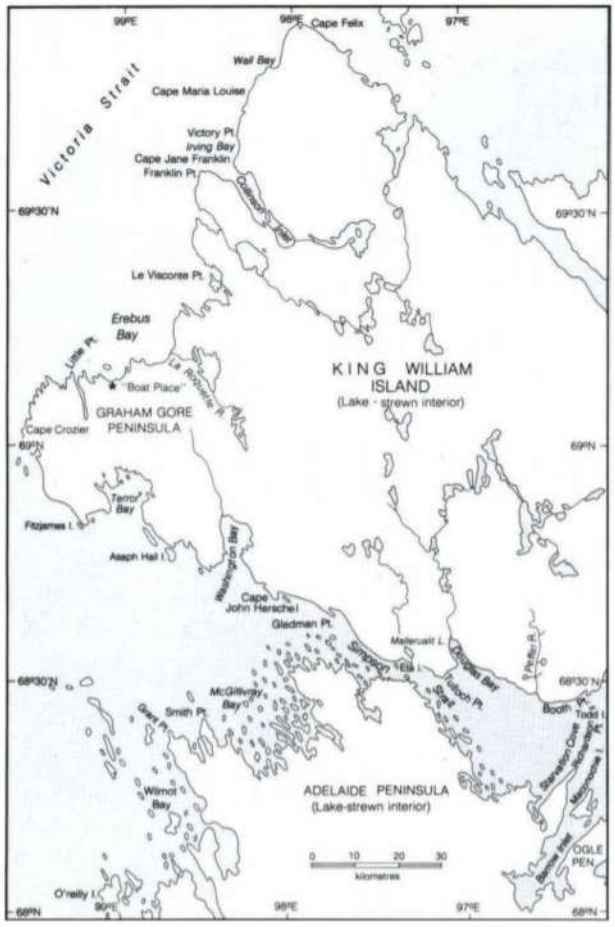
A Netsilik woman sent out to confront the strangers.

over lengths of wood. At this camp the last of the expedition's reserves of hardtack were consumed:

> 15 June was a memorable day for our party. In the last snow house of the season, the last remains of our supply of hardtack was distributed among the Inuit, who since our departure from Hudson Bay, had been allocated a daily ration of 1 lb per head. We ourselves consumed the last crumbs for supper. For the next eight months we would have to do without bread, and soon meat would be our only food.

From Cape Herschel Schwatka and party headed northwest to Terror Bay, then cut north across Graham Gore Peninsula to Erebus Bay, which they reached on the 21st. But next day, as they tried to push north along the coast, they encountered the worst possible ice conditions:

> In our journals 22 June is marked in black, since on that day the miseries of the journey reached their nadir. The ice of Victoria Strait, which washes the northwest coast of the island, was not simply one-year ice formed since last fall; instead it was composed of floes of varying size which had been formed farther north, had drifted south with the current, and had been piled up here in a wild chaos by the



autumnal gales before being frozen together. Here and there a small iceberg projected from a group of sharp-edged ice blocks, while between all of them lay soft snowdrifts or pools of water. Only with great effort, and with frequent detours, could we find a half-passable route for the sledge. Tulagaq's wife who, so as not to have to wade constantly through the water, leaped from ice block to ice block, with great difficulty and extreme effort since she was carrying their well-nourished son on her back, was an object of general sympathy, but it would have been impossible to transport these two on the sledge as we normally did. Repeatedly the sledge would stick fast; the dogs alone would be incapable of moving it even a hair's-breadth when it had run against a hidden ice block half-buried in the snow, or when one of its runners sank into one of the many invisible ice crevices. It was usually Tulugaq who got us out of such predicaments, hacking away a piece of ice with his large knife, then applying his whip, voice and strong arm. Each of us whites had long since fastened his hauling harness to the sledge, and we lifted, pulled or pushed with all our strength. This continued for ten long miles.

From this point on the vigilance of the party began to be rewarded. Near Victory Point they found the grave of Lieutenant John Irving, identifiable by a small medal found in the grave. Nearby were the still considerable remains (thoroughly plundered by the Inuit) of the remarkable cache of clothing and equipment which McClintock had found and reported. All the indications were that this was a depot of materials transported ashore from the icebound ships lying well off the coast; here, evidently the final selection of clothing and equipment had been made before Crozier, his officers and men had set off on the long painful trek south along the coast of King William Island. Here too Tulaguq found the copy of the all-important document relating the fate of the Franklin expedition, which McClintock had deposited before taking the original with him.

On 3 July the party reached Cape Felix, the most northerly point of the island:

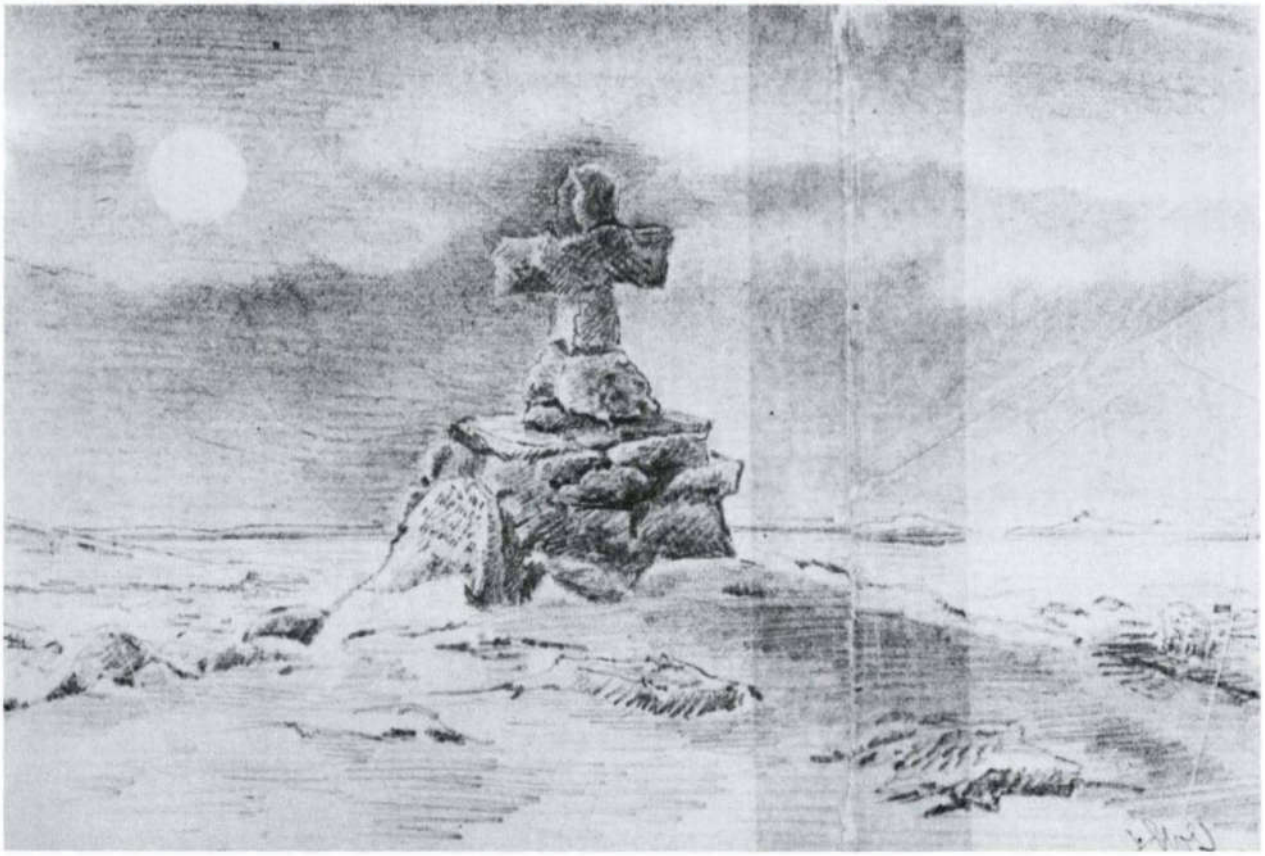
> Near the coast stood a cairn which had certainly been erected by human hands, but had been partially torn apart again. Around it lay broken, empty beer bottles, a sign that men had once lived better here than we did now. Canvas, woollen blankets, etc. were found mixed up together in wild disorder; from the reports of the McClintock expedition this must also have been the spot where Lieutenant Hobson found a British flag in 1859.
>
> As far as the eye could see the distant view offered nothing but ice, a barren ice surface consisting of a mixture of large and small ice blocks thrown together; beyond it a dark bluish-grey strip on the north-western horizon identified the coast of Boothia Felix Peninsula.
>
> Since this was the 103rd anniversary of the United States of America we celebrated the 4th of July by hoisting our expedition flag and by killing a large polar bear, whose meat promised to provide many good feasts for our dogs.

On 7 July Schwatka and his companions started back south, searching thoroughly as they went, the individual members of the party spaced widely apart; every second day without moving their campsite they searched as far into the interior as time would allow. Having crossed the La Roquette River, on 21 July the searchers found all that now remained of the boat and sledge which Hobson and McClintock had seen:

> Around 10.00 p.m. Melms spotted three human skulls on the beach quite near the shore and as we approached closer a sad sight presented itself.
>
> We collected not less than seventy-six human bones which, from a superficial examination, let us conclude that at least four people had lost their lives here. These remains were immediately buried

The last snow house of the winter, near Cape Herschel.

The cairn which Klutschak left at Starvation Cove, by moonlight.

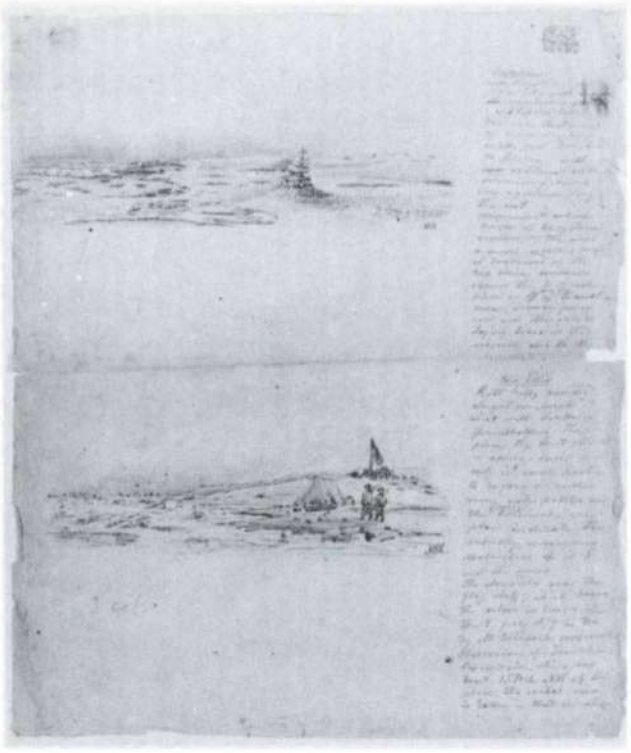


Schwatka's fall camp, south coast of King William Island, 1879.

beneath a small cairn and a document about the find was placed with them.

Scattered over a surface area of almost a quarter square mile lay the remnants of a large boat, and beneath them a wide variety of articles, the most striking of which were some pieces of sacking in which bullets and shot, as well as some percussion caps, were tied up. Without a doubt this was the same spot where in 1859 Captain McClintock had found the boat with the two skeletons, and about whose existence the Inuit had first learned from him.

Top: The cairn left at the "boat place", Erebus Bay.
Bottom: Fourth of July at Cape Felix.



Since the sea ice now broke up and the snow had long since disappeared, the party walked south overland to Terror Bay, carrying their belongings on their backs and using the dogs as pack animals. While Schwatka and party searched the shores of Graham Gore Peninsula to the west, Klutschak and party returned to Simpson Strait, made contact with Eskimo Joe and party and carried out further searches along the coast of Adelaide Peninsula, as well as hunting and fishing. On 17 September this component of the expedition, accompanied by a substantial number of Netsilingmiut, crossed back to King William Island, using four kayaks lashed side-by-side as a ferry. The two groups now set up semi-permanent camps some 11 kilometres apart, with several Inuit families camping beside each of them. Initially both groups were living in tents, but they both built snow houses as soon as there was sufficient suitable snow. In the case of Schwatka's camp a small village eventually rose from the ground:

> Lieutenant Schwatka's group built themselves an ice house near a large lake; with its auxiliary buildings and the masses of skins surrounding it, and the large collection of magnificent caribou antlers, it appeared quite imposing.

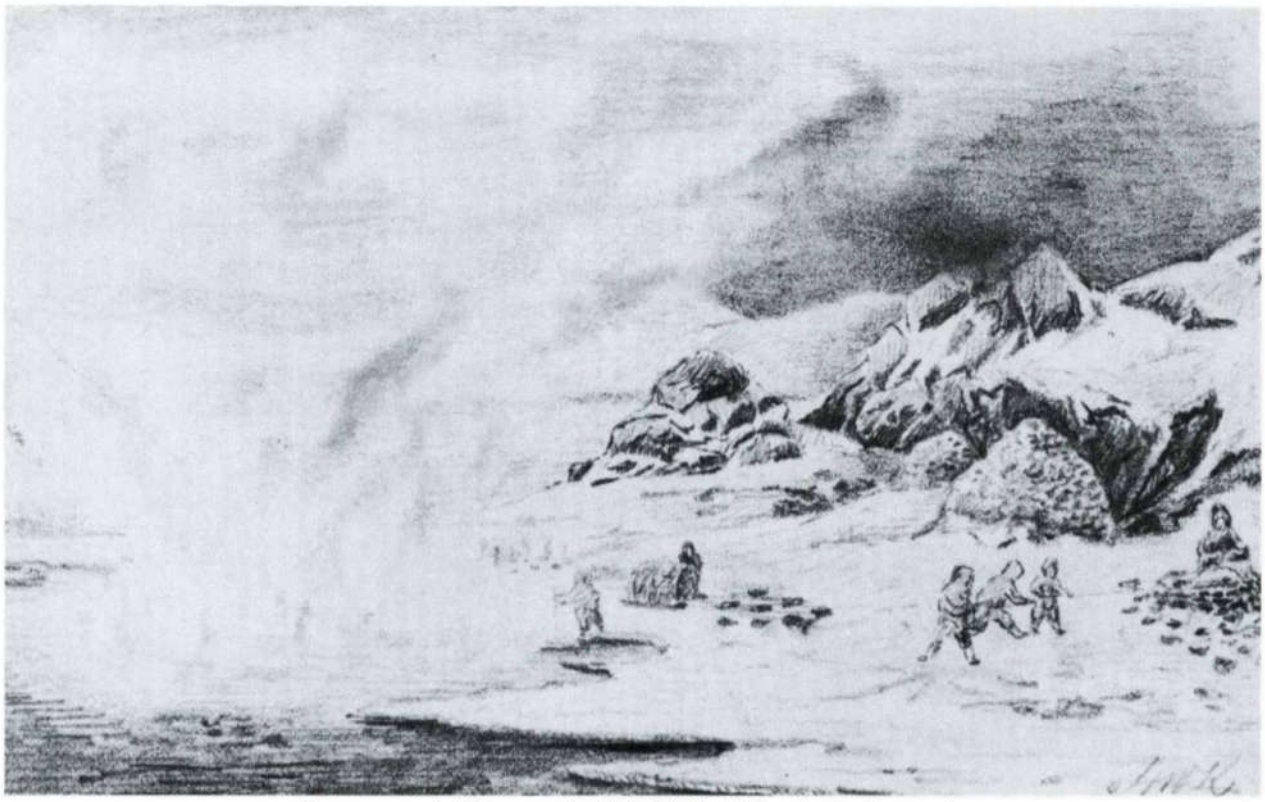
The expedition got under way again in early November once the sea and lakes had frozen and there was adequate snow for sledging. Schwatka and Gilder set off on 1 November, planning to cross Simpson Strait, then travel west and south around the coast of Adelaide Peninsula before cutting overland (via Sherman Gulf) to a rendezvous on the lower Back River. Klutschak and party, meanwhile would head east along the north coast of Adelaide Peninsula and up the Back River to the rendezvous.

Klutschak's party crossed back to the mainland on 8 November and a couple of days later reached the first Netsilingmiut camp which they had encountered on reaching Adelaide Peninsula in the spring. Here

An Inuit drum dance, 15 November, 1879.

they spent several days, and Klutschak visited Starvation Cove, where the Inuit had told them in the spring that they had found skeletons. It was of particular significance in that this was clear proof that some at least of the Franklin expedition members had reached the mainland; naturally Klutschak was eager to search the spot carefully.

> [Starvation Cove] is a small embayment of an arm of the sea which runs deep into the land at 68° 9′N, 96° 20′W. Its coastal configuration is so flat that were it not for some rocks protruding from the snow one would scarcely have any inkling of the presence of land in winter. Truly the view alone is sufficient to put the visitor into a mood which matches the historic significance of the site. Mother Nature could probably not produce a more desolate spot on this wide Earth than that where the last survivors of the Franklin expedition found their end. Accompanied by an eyewitness of those sad events, we soon reached the spot. I had the precise location pointed out where the boat had been found and where and how the skeletons had been lying around. We then gathered together the relics found in summer, buried them, and erected a monument over them in the shape of a cross, using the rocks we found round about. We also deposited a document in the sand ten feet to the north, which described briefly the significance of the monument as well as the earlier factual progress of our party . . . The day was already quite advanced and the moon was high in the sky by the time we finished building our monument. The long shadows, the desolate landscape, the deep, lonely silence which not even a breath of wind interrupted did not fail to make a powerful impression on us, and when we finally started for home we gazed one last time at the distant coast of King William's Land, visible in the distance which, with its snow-covered grave mounds, lonely and abandoned, represents the last resting place of those who perished there.



Open water on the "Dangerous Rapids" of the Back River showing frost smoke.

On 15 November, on the last evening to be spent with the Netsilingmiut, a drum dance was organized to mark the occasion:

> The man selected took his place in the circle, took the *drum* by its handle in his left hand and a short drumstick in his right, and struck a few gentle strokes on the rim, but not on the skin of the instrument. An elderly woman, acting as a precentor to some extent, began a melody, initially in a low voice but one which became progressively louder, and was gradually joined by all the women. As the song, if one could so designate this ear-jarring singing — began, the *qilautik* player also began his accompaniment; according to whether he struck the rim closer to or farther from the handle the instrument produced higher or lower notes. From a slow tempo the music and singing, overpowering each other, moved to a faster tempo and the player from time to time uttered a barbaric-sounding shout as he turned slowly in the circle.

Next morning Klutschak and party took their leave of the Netsilingmiut and headed southeast via Barrow Gulf and Ogle Point to Chantrey Inlet, then south to the mouth of the Back River. As they were making camp beside the snow houses of a group of Utkuhikhalingmiut on the evening of 7 December just below the major rapids on the Back River, two Inuit boys appeared to report that Schwatka and party were encamped a short distance upstream just above the worst of the rapids. Klutschak immediately set off to sledge to Schwatka's camp, unaware what a terrifying trip he was about to undertake in the dark, the danger arising from the fact that the current in the rapids is so strong that this section of the river stays open for long stretches all winter, and the visibility is severely reduced by the billowing clouds of frost smoke.

> Among the imposing phenomena of the various rivers of the world the rapids of the Back River in winter occupy a prominent place. Certainly one cannot call them grandiose, and beautiful even less, but for wildness and turbulence they are matchless. The high river banks on either side suddenly squeeze close together and the otherwise uniform ice cover is, as it were, truncated. Two feet away from the edge one is still standing on ice of normal thickness but only a short distance away the water is boiling and foaming along in waves 3-4 feet high at a speed of 6-8 miles per hour. Along both banks narrow ice shelves extend. Where the river emerges from the gorge the force of the water ceases and the ice begins again. What strength the water must possess here if, as is reported by old people living in the imme-

diate vicinity of the rapids, the maximum arctic cold — at the pole of cold itself, I might add — is incapable of forming an ice cover over the open spots.

The "Dangerous Rapids" consisting of three major sections, are about eight miles long, but the large open sections are far from being the most dangerous . . . one encounters large areas of ice where there are openings only 1-2 feet square which sometimes are barely visible; the ice around these never becomes strong enough that one can travel across it safely. There are very shallow spots and if any ice crust forms at all it reaches only minimal thickness.

Klutschak reached Schwatka's camp late that night and on the 10th Klutschak's party moved upriver to join their companions. They stayed there for another two days, during which time they bought a substantial amount of fish and some dogs from the Utkuhikhalingmiut. The fish had been stored in cairns near the rapids, and Klutschak's sketch of the rapids appears to show some of the party pulling the icebound rocks of a cairn apart to gain access to the fish.

Getting under way again on the 12th, the party headed south up the Back River, then cut across country on a general bearing for Camp Daly. This was by far the worst section of the trip; there was little game, packs of wolves hovered around the party constantly, and the temperatures were down around −50°C for days on end. Men and dogs travelled in a permanent cloud of fog produced by their breath and, naturally it froze in uncomfortably large quantities on their clothing and beards. Their breath:

> . . . became a cloud of smoke which, like the frost smoke from the "Dangerous Rapids" accompanied every living thing. It emanates from men's mouths and from the dogs' respiratory organs; it betrays the caribou and makes their presence in large numbers visible for miles. A sledge in motion looks at some distance as if it is enveloped in fog, and a fleeing caribou herd resembles a railway train, since their hot breath is revealed so clearly against the bitterly cold air. Furthermore, wherever a warm object comes in contact with a naturally cold one steam will rise; even the spot on the ground from where one has just raised one's foot will produce steam. Anyone who is travelling is quite a sight; their beards, their hair, every item of clothing near their heads becomes white. A tobacco chewer is to be most pitied since all the tobacco juice gathers first in brown plugs, but later in the form of a mass of ice on his beard. In the evening he has to use a hammer or an axe to free himself from his day's load.

Having crossed the Quoich River on 26 February they reached the camp of an Inuk whom the party's guides knew well. They bought some caribou from him, then having left part of their load in his care and having abandoned one of their three sledges, on 28 February they pushed on again on the final lap to the coast.

The Aivilingmiut encamped at Camp Daly gave them a very warm welcome, but they were also greeted with some very disappointing news. Captain Barry had promised to leave a depot of provisions at Depot Island for the returning search party during his cruise in the Bay in the summer of 1879, but in fact had failed to do so. Worse still, ice conditions were particularly bad for hunting seal or walrus and the Inuit were themselves close to starving. Hence after only a few days Lieutenant Schwatka set off by forced marches for Marble Island, where there were whaling ships wintering. The remainder of the party joined him there a few days later. Then, after several weeks of rest and relaxation aboard the whaling ships, on 1 May the entire party started back north for Depot Island. Thereafter they spent a relaxing (although rather tedious) summer on Depot Island until 2 August when the whaleman *George and Mary*, which in the interim had been cruising for whales, arrived to embark them for the homeward voyage. On 22 September 1880 Klutschak, along with the rest of the party, stepped ashore at New Bedford.

Immediately after the expedition's return Klutschak went on a lecture tour in Austria and Germany, presumably to promote his book. The Emperor Franz Josef attended one of his lectures and was so impressed that he presented him with a medal. Unfortunately, the story of the brief remainder of Klutschak's life is rather tragic. Returning to New York he scraped a living as a clerk, private secretary and errand boy. His most frequent employer was J.C. Morrison of the whaling company Morrison and Brown; the latter often urged him to make use of his education and obvious artistic talents in order to earn a decent living, but Klutschak perversely preferred not to.

In the final years of his life Klutschak suffered from tuberculosis. In January 1890 influential friends, including Morrison and Judge Daly, president of the American Geographical Society, managed to negotiate his admission to a sailors' home, Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island. Klutschak delayed moving to the home until late March. He started out from his rooms at 320 Broome Street in a heavy snowstorm but the weather forced him to turn back. He died at Broome Street, penniless, on 26 March 1890 at the age of 42. His friends in New York covered the cost of his funeral. ◆

William Barr is Professor of Geography at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. *The quotations are from Klutschak's account of the Schwatka expedition and are used with the permission of the University of Toronto Press. The illustrations are from the National Archives of Canada.*

A Link With France

'Je Me Souviens'

By Hubert G. Mayes

A seventeenth-century battle between French colonists and Iroquois warriors seems a most unlikely subject for a modern stained-glass window in a European church. But in fact there is a window depicting this scene in the ancient parish church of an obscure town in France, and in a village about 25 kilometres away there are two church windows which also portray events in Canadian history.

Mortagne-au-Perche and Tourouvre: not many Canadians who have visited France would be able to locate these two towns quickly on a map — and if it were an ordinary tourist map, the second and smaller of the two would not even be shown. They are in the old province of Perche, a small area of north-western France. To be more precise, they are in the *département* of the Orne, about 150 kilometres southwest of Paris and about 80 kilometres west of the famous cathedral town of Chartres.

The window in the fifteenth-century church of Notre-Dame in Mortagne is in two sections. In the upper and much larger section a group of settlers from Mortagne and surrounding villages is about to set sail for Quebec from the port of La Rochelle. The year is 1662. Standing prominently in the foreground is the organizer of the group, Pierre Boucher, a soldier-seigneur whose reputation as a leader was already well established in New France. He had gone out to the colony from Mortagne at the age of thirteen and had spent his early years in Huronia assisting the missionaries of that region. After 1645 he lived in Trois-Rivières, becoming governor of the settlement in 1654. In 1661 he was sent to France to obtain help for the colony and returned in 1662 with soldiers, supplies, and a contingent of about one hundred colonists. Because of fierce storms the crossing was extremely difficult, and before the two ships reached Quebec sixty people had died. Boucher later became the seigneur of Boucherville (now twinned with Mortagne), and in his memoirs left an important record of the fur trade and the Indians, as well as his own extraordinary life. He died in Boucherville in 1717 at the age of 95.

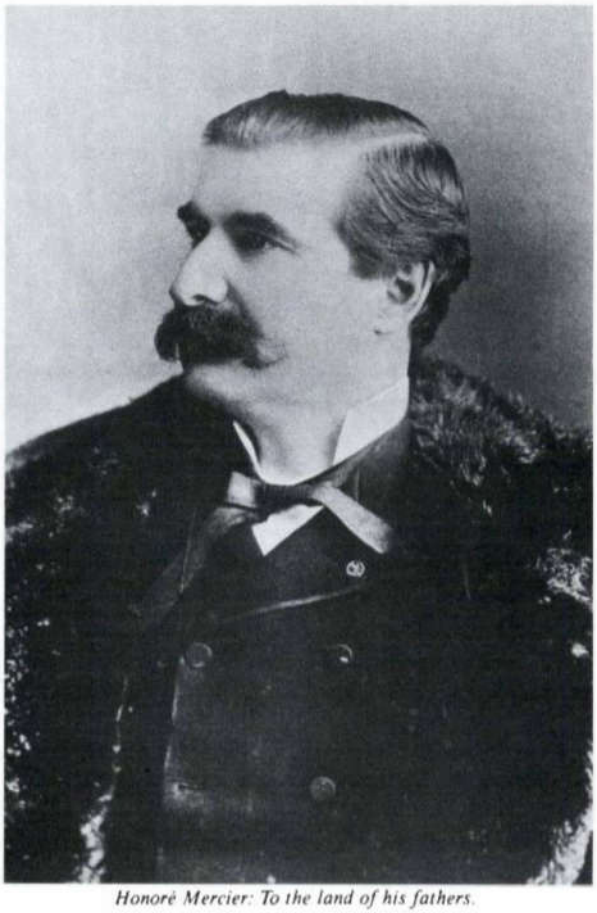
One of Boucher's most important contributions to the success of the colony at Trois-Rivières was his defence of the settlement against raids by the Iroquois. It is this aspect of his life that is commemorated in the lower section of the stained-glass window in Mortagne-au-Perche. In the middle background we see the church of Trois-Rivières, and on the left a windmill. In the foreground on the left the artist has portrayed the Iroquois in a manner that may be esthetically pleasing, but is most certainly a strange distortion of historic fact. Dressed in what appear to be magnificent deep-crimson robes, they advance in stately order towards the French. In the middle of the scene there is a great cloud of smoke issuing from the mouth of a cannon which has just been fired. One Iroquois warrior has been struck and is falling. In the middle foreground two persons, presumably dead, are lying side by side in a sort of wagon. One has dark skin and black hair, the other fair skin and blond hair. A possible conclusion is that someone has had the time and courage to gather up the dead of both sides. Or are these both colonists who were killed before the soldiers came to rescue the settlement?

On the right side of the scene the French soldiers, resplendent in their blue uniforms and Cyrano-like hats, are bunched together beneath their flag, the golden fleur-de-lys on a white ground. Boucher, on a slightly higher level, is no doubt exhorting them to stand firm. Across the top of the panels is the following inscription: *En 1652 Pierre Boucher défend victorieusement Trois-Rivières contre les Iroquois.*

Even in the solemn atmosphere of a church it is hard to avoid a jocular tone while commenting on the artist's conception of the battle. But we should not be too severe: the creator of the design is in a long and honorable line of artists who have considered historical accuracy of lesser importance than the overall esthetic quality of their picture. In fact there is a good example of reality being subordinate to imagination in a war-memorial window to the left of the one just described. Here we see an altar in front of which a priest is elevating the host, and close by, kneeling, a very real-looking Joan of Arc in full medieval armor surrounded by helmeted soldiers of World War I.

Northeast of Mortagne lies the village of Tourouvre. Here too the seventeenth-century emigration of colonists from the town and the hamlets and farms nearby is commemorated in stained glass. In the south wall of the medieval Eglise St-Aubin of Tourouvre, a large window depicts the departure of Julien Mercier and a group of emigrants. The inscription at the bottom on the right reads: *"Vers l'an 1650 Julien Mercier et quatre-vingts familles de Tourouvre partent pour le Canada,"* and on the left are the words *"N'oubliez jamais ni Dieu ni la France."* The scene is full of realistic details. Mercier, wearing an enormous plumed hat, is chatting with some of his fellow colonists. On the dock there are trunks and chests ready to be taken on board. While one man ties up a bundle, another carries a large box down to the edge of the wharf where two boats are waiting to transport the colonists and their effects to the ship lying at anchor in the harbour. In the sky, over a headland, the Virgin Mary looks down on the scene and bestows a farewell blessing.

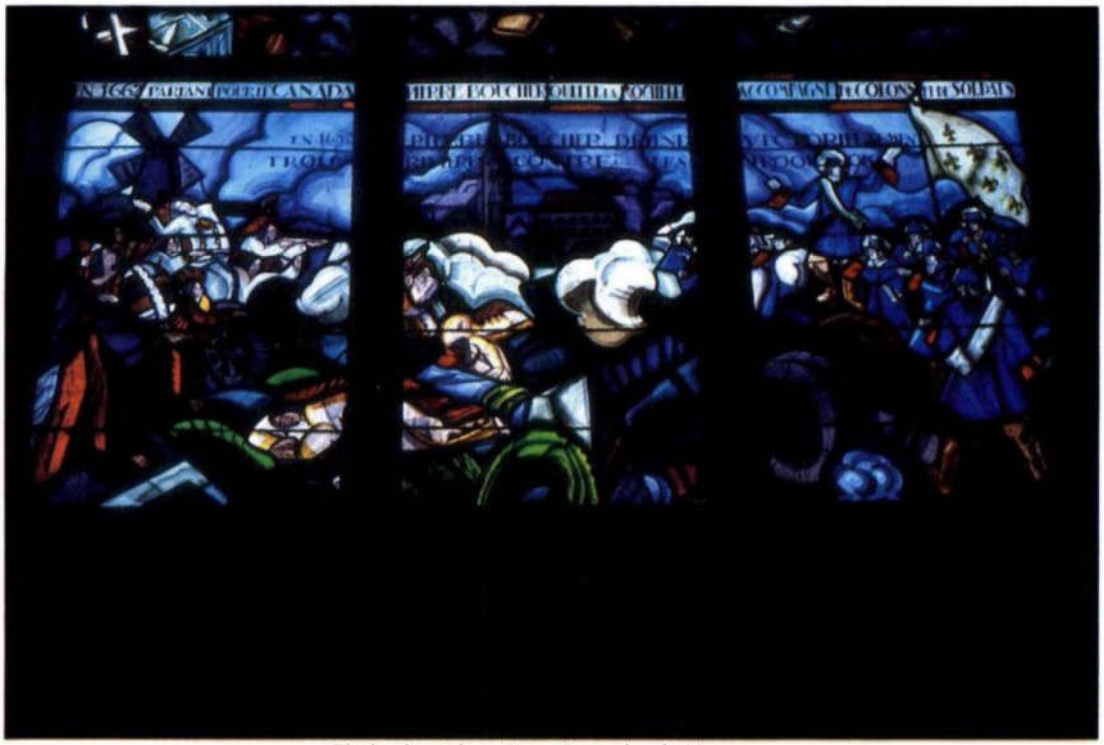
The companion window to the right portrays another significant event in the history of Tourouvre and of Canada. In 1891 Honoré Mercier, Liberal Premier of Quebec and a descendant of Julien Mercier, visited Tourouvre as part of a tour of France. The purpose of this visit was threefold: to arrange a large loan for the province of Quebec, to study the possibility of bringing the sugar-beet industry to Quebec, and to renew cultural links with France. On 31 May Mercier, accompanied by Shehyn, his provincial treasurer, Father Gosselin and two "specialists," Bernatchez and Clément, attended vespers in the church of Tourouvre. It is this event which is shown in the second window. With the chancel as a background, the senior priest, Father Marre-Desperriers, followed by another priest, advances to welcome Mercier and his party. Behind the priests stand six men, presumably prominent citizens and officials of the church. Mercier, erect and self-assured, holds his ceremonial hat in his left hand and has his right hand on his chest. He is dressed in the splendid uniform of a "comte romain." Two years earlier Rome had conferred upon him the title *Commandeur de l'Ordre de Saint-Grégoire.* France had also recognized his achievements by naming him an *Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.* At the bottom of the window the inscription on the right reads: *"Le 31 mai 1891 Honoré Mercier, premier-ministre du Canada, vient prier dans l'église de Tourouvre."* It would be interesting to know whether the person who made the mistake of identifying Mercier as Prime Minister of Canada was made aware of the error. Like carved inscriptions in stone and lettering on bronze plaques, it would have been impossible to correct, and it may have caused the writer some anguish. From the perspective of a century — exactly a century — later, it seems like a very forgivable slip. Under the scene on the left an inscription replies to the 1650 admonishment not to forget God or France with the words: *"Nous n'avons oublié ni Dieu ni la France."*



Honoré Mercier: To the land of his fathers.

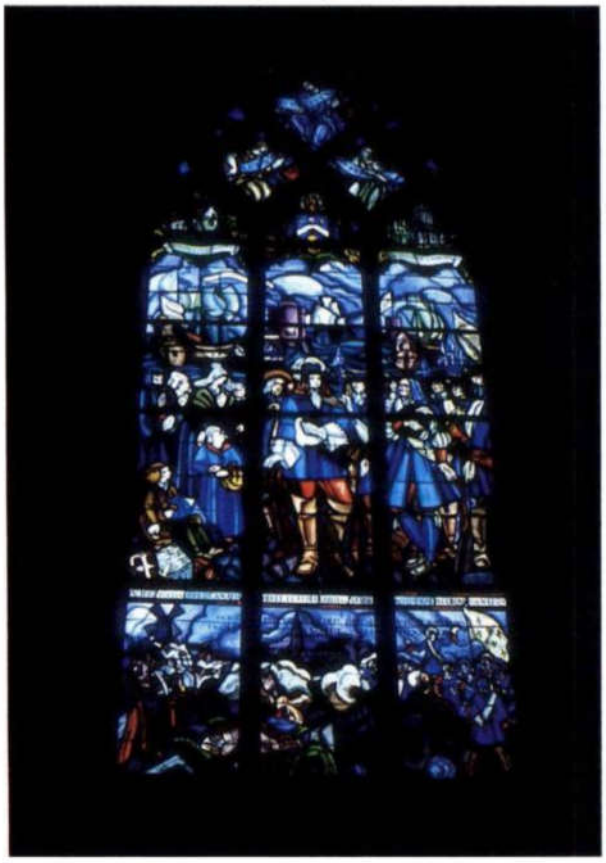
Prior to the service in the church Father Marre-Desperriers had given an address from the porch of St-Aubin. In it he extolled *"l'admirable fidélité canadienne,"* and brought tears to the eyes of his Canadian guests. After vespers Mercier delivered a speech from the platform erected on the square in front of the church, then visited the local cemetery to pay his respects to his ancestors. There may have been some very old graves at that time, but contemporary guide books point out that now there are no seventeenth or eighteenth-century cemeteries left in the region. In memory of his visit to Tourouvre Mercier donated to the church the two stained-glass windows just described.

For those who know the history of Quebec, the "church visit" window has an irony that others would not be aware of. While Mercier was being received with the greatest respect and admiration and was giving the people of France a splendid example of the flowering of the French race in Canada, his political

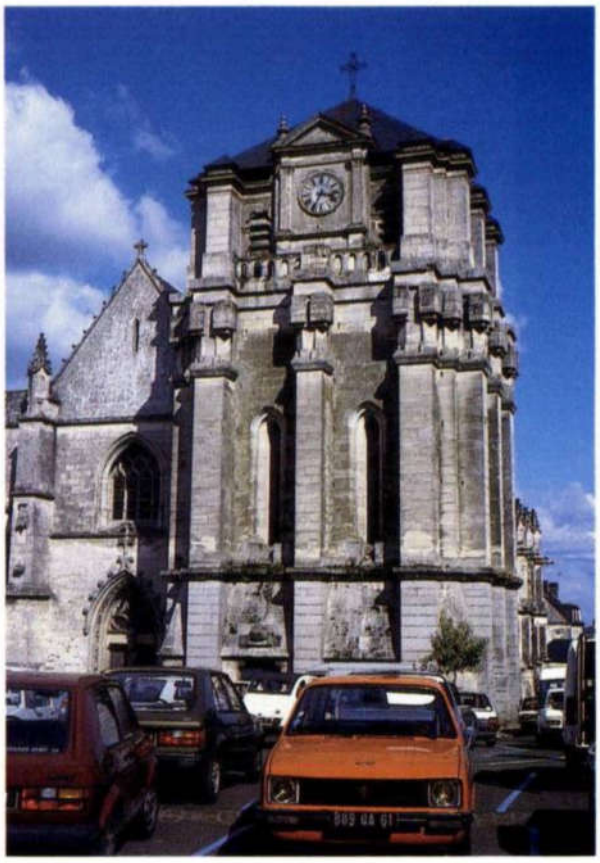


The battle windows, Notre-Dame church, Mortagne.

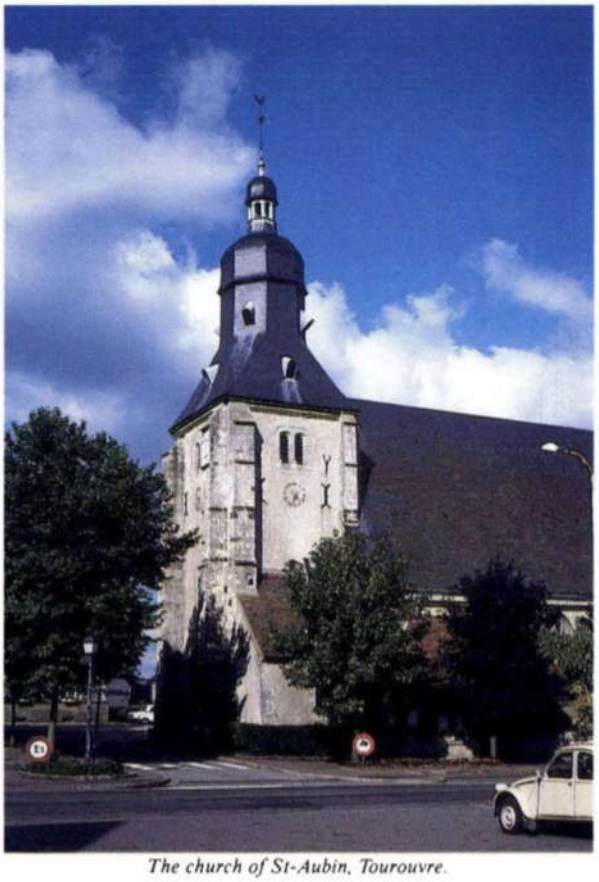
Window depicting the departure of Boucher.



The church of Notre-Dame, Mortagne.

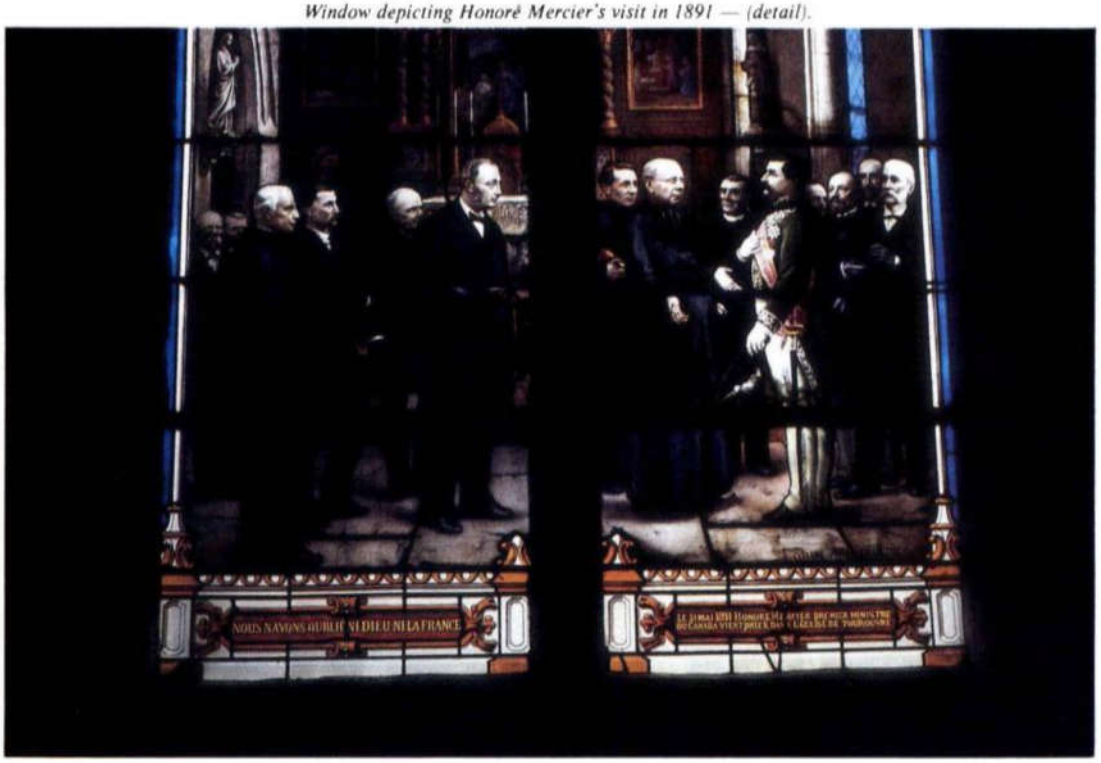


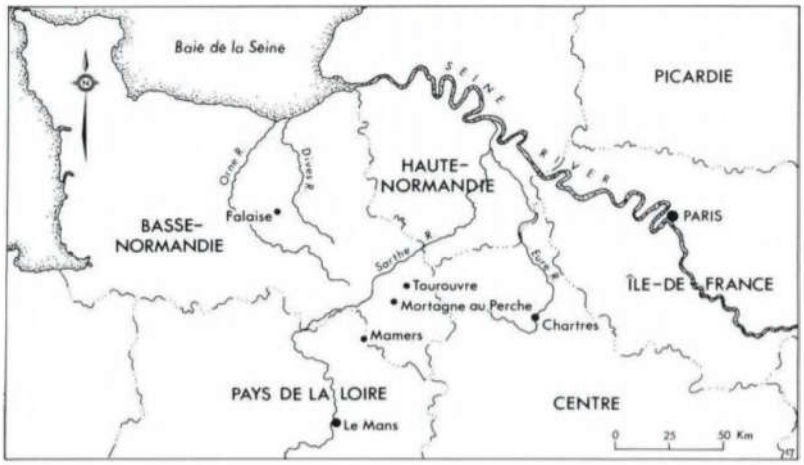
Julien Mercier's departure, around 1650.



The church of St-Aubin, Tourouvre.

Window depicting Honoré Mercier's visit in 1891 — (detail).



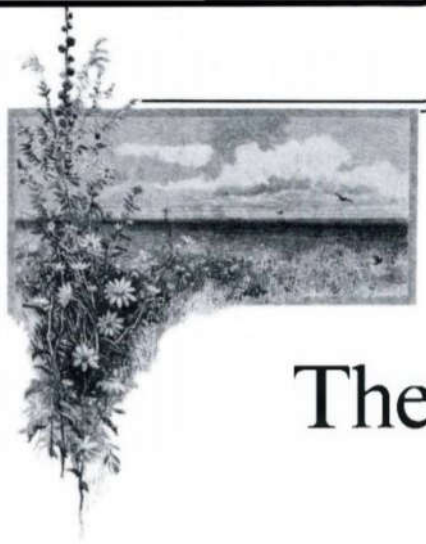


enemies at home were preparing his downfall. On his return he was accused of having defrauded the provincial treasury of a large amount of money. In December 1891 the lieutenant-governor dismissed Mercier and his ministers and appointed as premier the Conservative leader, Charles Boucher de Boucherville (a descendant of Pierre Boucher). In the election of 1892, though Mercier himself was re-elected, his party suffered a humiliating defeat. When brought to trial in 1893 he was acquitted, but by then the strain caused by these events and the advance of an incurable illness had taken a heavy toll, and he was forced to retire from public life. He died on 30 October 1894, at the age of 54.

The emigration from Perche which inspired the windows in Mortagne and Tourouvre was numerically one of the smaller contributions to the early settlement of Quebec. It is well known that the majority of the French emigrants to Canada in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries came from the western provinces of Normandy and Aunis-Saintonge and from the Ile-de-France. In the seventeenth century Perche sent only four percent of the total number of emigrants to Quebec, and in the early eighteenth century emigration dried up completely, the last colonists leaving in 1730. However, there are now estimated to be more than a million and a half descendants of the first 250 Percheron emigrants. Some of the family names of these descendants are very common in Quebec, in the New England states, and in the other parts of Canada to which they have migrated. The following list is only a sampling: Boucher, Brunet, Cloutier, Drouet, Drouin, Gagnon, Giffard, Guimond, Juchereau, Landry, Maheu, Paradis, Rivard, Tremblay, Trottier, Turgeon. The descendants of the Gagnons alone fill several pages of the Montreal telephone directory.

The region surrounding Mortagne and Tourouvre is naturally of special interest to Canadians whose ancestors came from this area. It was in fact due to the kindness of two Québécois couples who had come back to "find their roots" that I was able to visit some of the more remote villages. There are organizations such as the *Association Perche-Canada* and the *Association des Amis du Perche* which exist to maintain the strong link between the two countries and facilitate the process of locating the hamlet or farm from which the ancestors set out for Canada. The fact that the region contains none of the famous tourist sights of France means that tourism by Canadians will no doubt be limited largely to "root-seekers." But Canadians who are outside of this group should not feel that the area has nothing to offer them. Mortagne and Nogent-le-Rotrou (the major city) are places of charm and historical interest in their own right, and the Percheron countryside is appealing in its variety and rural tranquility. After the noise and pollution of Paris and the press of the crowds spilling from tourist buses at Chartres, Versailles and the Mont-Saint-Michel, Canadians who long to see a more relaxed and natural France should consider a visit to le Perche. If they do, they will come home with pictures of old streets, marketplaces and parks in which they are likely to be the only tourists. The best conversation pieces of all, however, could be their shots of the scenes from Canadian-French history recorded in the stained-glass windows of Mortagne and Tourouvre. Because these scenes portray specific local events, they are unquestionably unique. In addition, they are also intriguing examples of the artistic re-creation of the past.

Hubert G. Mayes of Winnipeg writes frequently on subjects relating to Canadian-French relations.



The 'Wheat King' and the New Farmers

The Last Best West

By Wendy Owen

As is well known, between 1870 and 1914 literally thousands of settlers, Canadians and non-Canadians alike, flocked to the Canadian prairies to establish themselves as farmers. This movement of population was greatly encouraged by a massive publicity campaign by government agencies both federal and provincial, as well as by private landholding corporations such as the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Hudson's Bay Company. Hundreds of different publicity pamphlets were published for the perusal of potential immigrants, and Canadian immigration agents worked tirelessly in areas such as the United Kingdom where the "preferred type" of farmer could be recruited. While the public campaign is well known, less familiar is the use the various recruiting agencies made of prairie farmers as unofficial agents of immigration.

That personal letters and private contact were one of the most effective means of recruitment of settlers was well recognized at the time and has been emphasized since by scholars as the single most important factor in immigration. Successful farmers wrote such letters from the prairie West, both unofficially and on behalf of recruiting agencies, and the extended grapevines created by personal contact doubtless did more to encourage further settlement than a dozen pamphlets handed out by government agencies. The importance of personal testimony was recognized from the outset of prairie settlement. Early Manitoba immigration pamphlets often contained long lists of names of farmers, details of whence they had originated, as well as information about their present prosperity.

In time, both provincial and dominion agencies would finance trips by successful farmers to the United States or the United Kingdom, such as the visit made by A.J. McMillan to Warwickshire in 1896. Although McMillan was a paid official of the Manitoba Immigration Service, he had originally homesteaded successfully near Brandon and was introduced in Britain as one who had gone to Manitoba and made good. Like McMillan, other farmer delegates were usually sent to the area where they had originated, but wherever they went they were regarded as Canada's best advertising assets. Within Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway was encouraged by the Manitoba government to provide cheap excursion fares from Manitoba to Ontario over the winter. In 1889 it was estimated that 2,000 people had taken advantage of the opportunity to return home to visit with relatives and friends. From the standpoint of the Manitoba government and the CPR, the family members were unpaid immigration agents for the province. The traffic in visitors was not simply one-way. Excursions were also arranged for farmers from Ontario to Manitoba. For a fare of $25 return, interested farmers could visit Manitoba in June, August, or September. Many who came were converted, and returned to the West as settlers.

One Manitoba farmer who became actively involved in several aspects of immigration publicity was Almon James Cotton (1858-1942) of Treherne and Swan River. Cotton had migrated from Ontario to Treherne in 1888, becoming an extremely successful wheat farmer on rented land before acquiring a large landholding in the Swan River Valley in 1899 to which he moved permanently in 1901. From his first arrival in Manitoba Cotton had written enthusiastic letters to friends and relations in Ontario, helping to turn Treherne into such an extension of his Port Hope district in Ontario that one newcomer to Treherne commented in 1899 that there were "so many people settled there that he formerly knew that he could hardly realize that he was in a strange country."

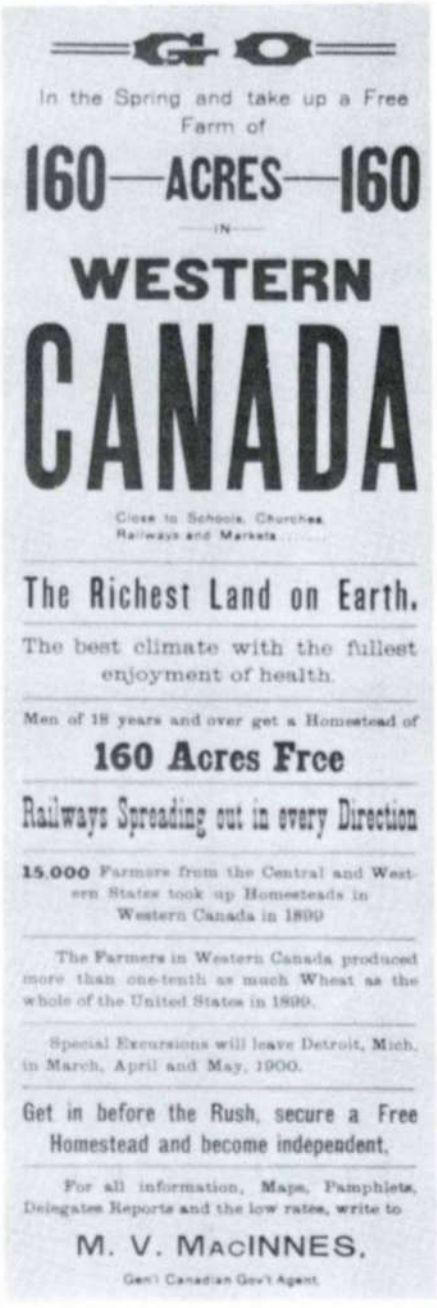
In 1895 the Cotton family had first become part of the semi-official contingent of agents when they employed CPR excursion fares to return to Ontario for the winter, leaving Manitoba in December of 1895 and not returning until the following March. Cotton

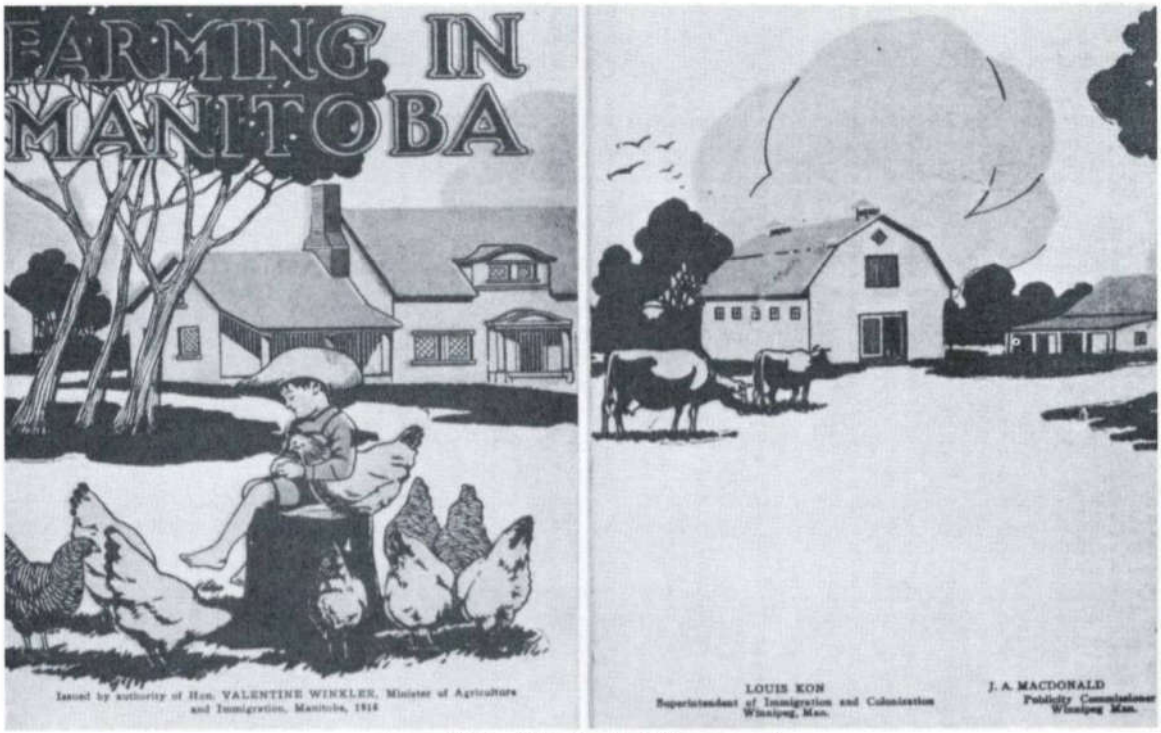
A.J. Cotton, the "Wheat King".

himself had come to prominence in 1896 when the Montreal *Daily Witness* had published a photograph of his seven teams ploughing simultaneously. The publicity resulted in his receiving a great many inquiries from would-be settlers. After Cotton had received further publicity in 1899 as Manitoba's "Wheat King" for his feat of producing 18,632 bushels of wheat on 650 acres, features on his success had appeared in many Canadian newspapers, provoking another round of unsolicited inquiries from prospective immigrants.

Despite Cotton's increasingly high profile as a successful farmer, it was his wife who first formally appeared in print in the immigration literature. In 1899 Louise Cotton contributed to a pamphlet of ladies' testimonials issued by the CPR entitled "What Women Say of the Canadian North West". As a result, the Cottons began to receive even more inquiries from the prospective settlers about Manitoba conditions. In February of 1899, Cotton approached the Manitoba government's immigration agent, W.D. Scott, for some pamphlets to send out in reply to the letters the family was "receiving almost daily from the United States as well as Ontario enquiring about the country," the beginning of a working relationship with immigration agencies that would continue for many years.

Cotton's own entry into formal immigration promotion came as a response to a letter published in the Glasgow *Chronicle* in the spring of 1900. A Scotsman who had emigrated to Canada and returned home dissatisfied wrote a number of unfavourable comments about Manitoba, and Cotton penned a refutation that was sent to the Glasgow newspaper. The individual involved had worked for Cotton, who regarded him as utterly useless and unsuited for farm life. Cotton maintained that other employers agreed with this assessment. He went on to list the names of a number of Scottish settlers who had been successful in the neighbouring countryside. After this letter Cotton wrote


GO
In the Spring and take up a Free Farm of
160—ACRES—160
IN
WESTERN
CANADA
Close to Schools, Churches, Railways and Markets.
The Richest Land on Earth.
The best climate with the fullest enjoyment of health.
Men of 18 years and over get a Homestead of
160 Acres Free
Railways Spreading out in every Direction
15,000 Farmers from the Central and Western States took up Homesteads in Western Canada in 1899
The Farmers in Western Canada produced more than one-tenth as much Wheat as the whole of the United States in 1899.
Special Excursions will leave Detroit, Mich. in March, April and May, 1900.
Get in before the Rush, secure a Free Homestead and become independent.
For all information, Maps, Pamphlets, Delegates Reports and the low rates, write to
M. V. MacINNES,
Gen'l Canadian Gov't Agent.

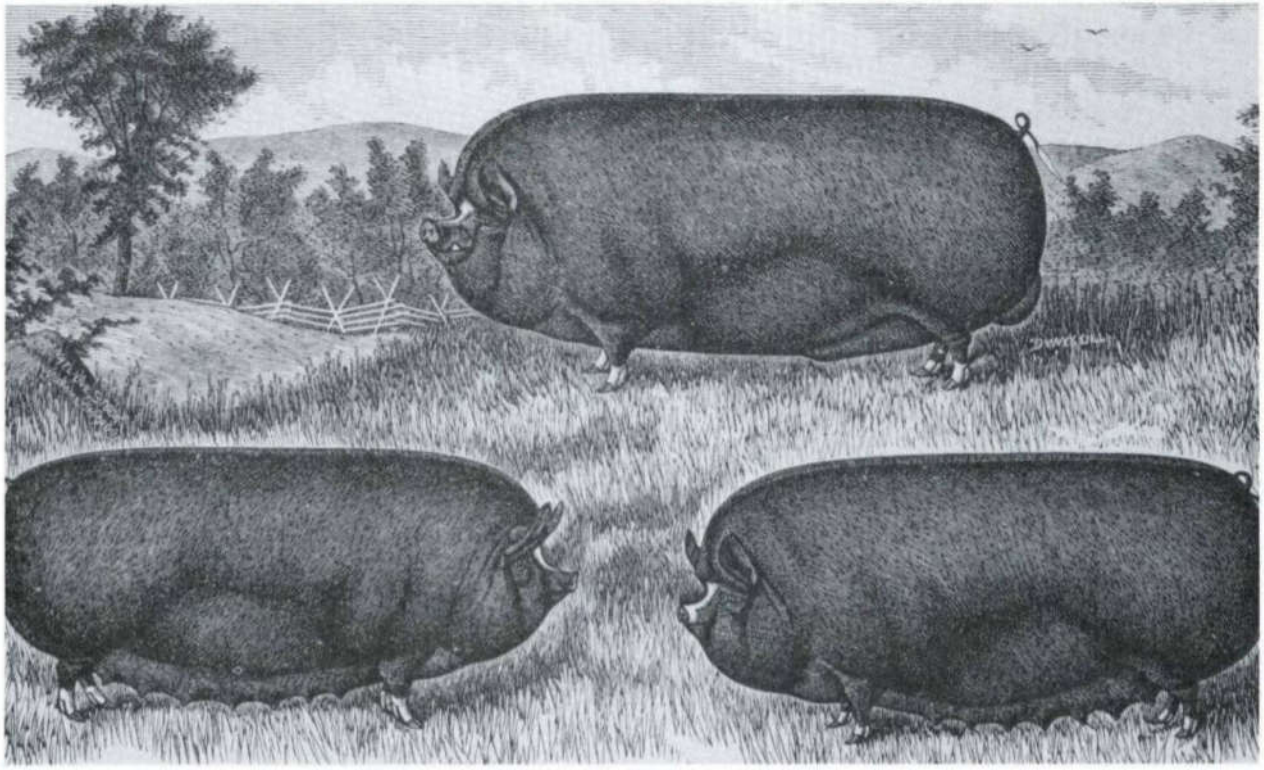

FARMING IN MANITOBA
Issued by authority of Hon. VALENTINE WINKLER, Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, Manitoba, 1918
LOUIS KON
Superintendent of Immigration and Colonization
Winnipeg, Man.
J. A. MACDONALD
Publicity Commissioner
Winnipeg Man.

A pamphlet in which letters by Cotton appeared.

an article, "Success of a Manitoba Farmer", which was included by both the provincial government and the CPR in their promotional literature. The article described how Cotton had come to the Canadian West with few assets and through hard work had prospered. Full of praise for the region, like most of the published immigration material it was not very specific about strategies for success. Nevertheless, the article helped complete the beginning of Cotton's association with the office of the Commission of Immigration. He never received any payment for his efforts on behalf of immigration, although he did receive stationery and reimbursement for the cost of postage from the commissioner.

The Commission of Immigration had been established by Liberal minister Clifford Sifton in 1897. Based in Winnipeg, the Commission administered the various activities of the immigration board and worked in close liaison with the Dominion Lands Office of the Department of the Interior and the land office of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The first commissioner was W.F. McCreary, a Winnipeg lawyer and former mayor, a political supporter of Sifton. McCreary held the position until his election to the Dominion Parliament in 1901. His successor, J. Obed Smith, remained in Winnipeg for seven years until he went to London as Commissioner for Immigration for Canada. The arrangement that Cotton had initially made with McCreary about postage and stationery was continued by the first commissioner's successors.

The accounts that Cotton irregularly submitted to the commission give some idea of the substantial volume of inquiries with which he dealt. In the fourteen months between December 1901 and February 1903, for example, Cotton had answered 373 letters from prospective immigrants, most of them farmers. An average of twenty-six letters per month remained steady through 1906; in 1906 he received 329 inquiries within the space of twelve months. In 1907 the number of letters fell sharply to 121, a decline Cotton attributed to the withdrawal of his name from the government immigration literature. However, in the early years of the century, A.J. Cotton personally corresponded with nearly 2,000 prospective settlers, and he continued to receive a steady flow of letters for many years thereafter, some as late as 1922. In addition to his private correspondence and entries in promotional literature, Cotton wrote a number of articles that appeared in print in various forms, all extolling the value of the Canadian North West. He regarded this promotion as part of his civic responsibility, writing at one point that immigration was "something we all should take an interest in and work up." "Boosterism," therefore, was not a phenomenon confined to town and city businessmen, nor was it simply something self-interestedly spawned by land speculators. Cotton never became



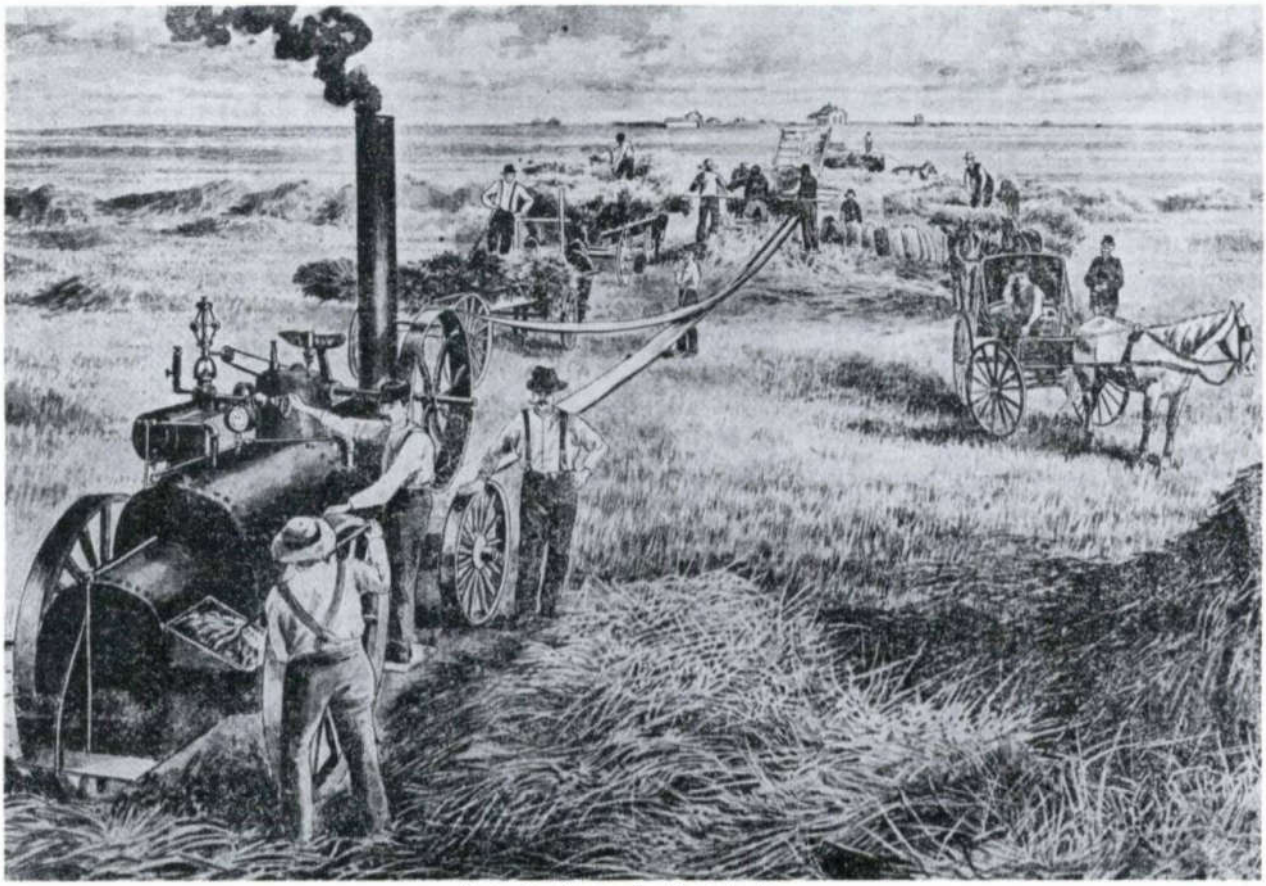
Well-fed swine bred by J.G. Snell and Bros., Souris, Manitoba.

involved in real estate wheeling and dealing, and he did not attempt to profit financially from his correspondence with prospective settlers. After his move to the Swan River Valley, he was enthusiastic about that district, but he frankly admitted that "another man may have settled in a different part of the province and honestly believe that his place is best."

Cotton dashed off most of his letters in the early morning, paying little heed to the niceties of style, such as capitalization, paragraphing, punctuation, and spelling. He was especially fond of the run-on sentence. He was also exceptionally well-informed about national and international affairs; at one point the Cotton family subscribed to twenty-seven newspapers and journals. Cotton kept copies of most letters he wrote by using a letter-press book, a favourite device in the days before photocopying. The process involved drafting the original document with special paper and ink. According to family tradition, Cotton actually pressed the book to create the copy by sitting on it, timing himself by singing hymns as he waited.

For A.J. Cotton, an enthusiastic interest in fostering immigration to the North West had begun within months of his arrival in the region. In August of 1888, a letter sent initially to Major William McLean by Cotton was published in the Port Hope *Daily Times*. This letter was one of Cotton's earliest attempts to persuade people outside Manitoba that the recent disillusioning reports about the province were in fact overstated. In addition, he was able to convey to his friends and acquaintances the message that he and his family were doing well. Many of the themes that appeared in this early letter would recur throughout Cotton's correspondence with newcomers. From the first letter's assertion that "I believe there is no country under the sun as well adapted for farming" to an 1899 "Manitoba is not merely 'as good as' but the best farming country under the sun," and throughout the subsequent correspondence with hundreds of prospective newcomers, Cotton sounded little different from the early writers of promotional literature for the province who were paid for their services.

The difference between Cotton and the paid publicists was that he was a very successful working farmer. Indeed, his own success did come close to embodying the promises made to newcomers by those who could not tell a plough from a harrow. For A.J. Cotton, the "promise of Eden" described by the boosters was no mere myth. It was a living reality. At the same time, Cotton did not pretend that success came simply by throwing a few seeds in the rich Manitoba topsoil. Eden came only to those who worked hard and were prepared to endure privations along the way. The land was good, but could be mastered only with hard work and determination. "Those willing to roll up their sleeves and pitch in — get on," was one of his for-



Steam threshing on the Manitoba plains.

mulations. What was required was "ambition to strike out, to build up a home and become independent". Cotton came increasingly over the years to speak and write in such clichés, but he genuinely believed and embodied them.

The early expansionists of the 1870s had believed that the West would rapidly fill up with people, resulting in a bounteous wealth created by the vast amounts of agricultural produce grown and harvested. This vision was never quite realized as the boosters had hoped. The Canadian West did not attract settlers on the same scale as lands simultaneously opened to settlement in the United States. In fact, even the best land of the North West failed to attract the kind of land rush witnessed at the opening of far more marginal lands in Oklahoma. As part of his total commitment to the West, Cotton long held to the vision of unlimited growth. In 1899 he asserted that "At the present time we are only exporting about forty millions of wheat where inside of twenty years the country will export over one hundred millions and there will be only one third under cultivation."

When espousing such expansive views, Cotton was no longer thinking as an Ontarian. The original expansionists had seen the success and prosperity of the wheat economy of the West accruing to Ontario, but Cotton wrote as a Westerner when he insisted that "this country will rule the world's wheat supply in the future and will be the wealthiest portion of the Dominion of Canada." Moreover, when times became difficult for the farmer — no less so for a successful one than for others — Cotton had no hesitancy in blaming the Eastern (*i.e.*, Ontario) dominated government for not understanding and supporting properly the developing West. Cotton tried to comprehend the East's problems. "We can hardly grasp the extent of development and possibilities of our *Great West,*" he wrote on one occasion. "Therefore we cannot expect the people of the East to place the same importance on the West as it deserves." But the underlying complaint remained the same. Cotton's letters documented the increasing disillusionment about Ontario-dominated Eastern government in the West.

The "East" was not the only target for Cotton's disenchantment. When he had first written about the West he had extolled the virtues of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was, after all, the existence of the railway and its branch line to Treherne that had made possible

Government publications urged foreigners to settle in Western Canada, "The Last Best West".

for the Cottons a relatively easy and inexpensive journey to their new home. The CPR made an enormous difference to Manitoba, and Cotton initially shared the new optimism of the late 1880s: "now it is different, the hard times are past and the hardships are less." However, the railway ultimately failed to measure up to the expectations of Cotton and his farmer neighbours. There was no other way to get grain to the Lakehead, and the farmer had to pay the going rate. The absence of competition between Lake Superior and British Columbia meant the freight costs were higher on the prairies than elsewhere in Canada. Complaints about the railroads were exacerbated by a chronic shortage of locomotives and grain cars. Cotton might write glowingly about the railway expansion that was flooding shops in Canada, the United States, and Scotland with work, but he also felt that the West had been let down by the Eastern interests with regard to the railway. The addition of the Canadian Northern Railway had little practical effect on the farmers' problems, he argued, since it lowered rates but did not resolve the shortage of rail cars.

If one cuts through the rhetoric and clichés about the problems and prospects of the West, the correspondence of A.J. Cotton does contain both a great deal of sound practical advice to the intending settler and a fair picture of the thinking of the prosperous part of the agricultural community of the period. Cotton and the other farmers who contributed to the promotional literature and replied to the personal correspondence sent them as a result of their appearance in print provided an inestimable service to both the incoming settlers and to the provincial and dominion governments. Despite their efforts to encourage settlement, neither level of government gave much practical advice about clearing or developing the land. Indeed, the assumption of immigration boosters was that anyone, experienced or not, could succeed. Cotton, like other farmers involved in immigration promotion, was prepared to offer all sorts of advice on developing a prairie farm, and he was willing to enter into a protracted correspondence on the subject if requested.

For Cotton, the principal requirement was hard work. Not insensitive to the havoc that weather, pests, and ill fortune could wreak on the most diligent efforts, he nonetheless knew that he had come to Manitoba, had worked hard, and had succeeded. He held up his own progress as a shining example to intending settlers. The principal requirement besides hard work, Cotton maintained, was experience. As might be expected, he always held that farmers' sons made the best farmers. If a man had no experience, Cotton always suggested that he should come as a hired hand for a year to see if he were suited to the life. For the affluent settler, an alternative was to buy land and then engage a tenant farmer and his wife to work it while the owner observed and assisted. Even if he had farmed successfully elsewhere, a new settler should always listen to the advice of a "good trusty neighbour." If Cotton emphasized experience, he also stressed the hardships of a pioneering life. He continually detailed the "inconveniences, isolation, loneliness, hard work, hardships and poverty" of life in any new district, adding that while hard work was indispensable, it would not bring instant prosperity. Success was slow and the upward path was subject to many discouragements.

The question of nationality, especially on either side of the border between the United States and Canada, does not seem to have concerned Cotton any more than most Western farmers. Cotton received letters from all over the world, sharing Clifford Sifton's view that what the Canadian West needed was farmers, whatever their origins. To those who wrote confessing ignorance about farming, it was true, Cotton often recommended an urban destination, particularly if there was a trade to be practised. Most of his letters came from North America, and with so many farmers crossing and recrossing the international boundary as the west of the continent opened, the matter of nationality for most of his correspondents was more than a bit blurred.

When asked directly, Cotton did explain the necessity of being a British subject before one could receive the final homestead patent, but otherwise he remained silent about nationality.

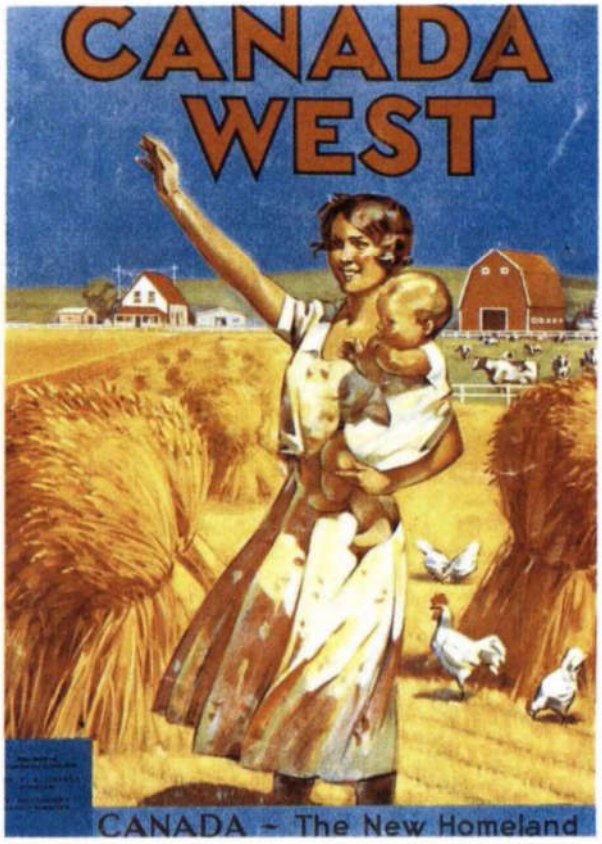
At the same time, Cotton was unquestionably proud of being both a Canadian and a British subject. The British Empire was often mentioned in his correspondence, usually in response to initial comments or queries and tending to the extolling of Canada over other settlement colonies as "the banner Colony under the British flag". In one article Cotton wrote for the Christmas edition of the *Nor'West Farmer* in 1900 he probably summed up his attitude in almost poetic terms:

> *Is not this great West*
> *a country to be proud of?*
> *Under the British flag*
> *a land of freedom!*
> *No wonder the old Lion*
> *is proud of his whelp*
> *which in the future*
> *will almost eclipse*
> *the old land.* [Formatting added]

As even this statement suggests, Cotton's main loyalty was neither to Britain nor to Canada but to the West, and especially to his own district. He might write to a would-be settler from the States who opposed conscription on religious grounds that after a few years in the country the anti-conscriptionist would want to fight for British values and ideals. But he went on to point out that the Canadian army was purely a voluntary force and that there were plenty ready to fight: "When the Canadians went to South Africa and when the Indian rebellions were to be put down there were five times more men offered themselves than were wanted." World War I changed conditions, but none of the Cotton family ever seems to have felt the urge to volunteer, and when his son was threatened with conscription Cotton acted to prevent it.

In general, Cotton accepted people for what they were. He may have learned something from his experience with the Doukhobors. In 1899 he had opposed their settlement in the Swan River Valley, but by 1902 he regarded them as "a fine class of people, living all to themselves and [an] industrious, hardworking, thrifty people, very moral and religious and inoffensive." Like most people, Cotton was more comfortable in dealing with the familiar, and in looking for tenants for his farms (and teachers for his children) he turned first to Methodist Ontarians. But there is little evidence of overt racism or nationalism in his correspondence with prospective farmers who wrote from Eastern Canada, the United Kingdom, Scandinavia, Brazil and India.

Cotton was also willing to take enquiries from women farmers as seriously as those from men, as the following letter to Mrs. Jennie Love in Atlanta, Georgia,

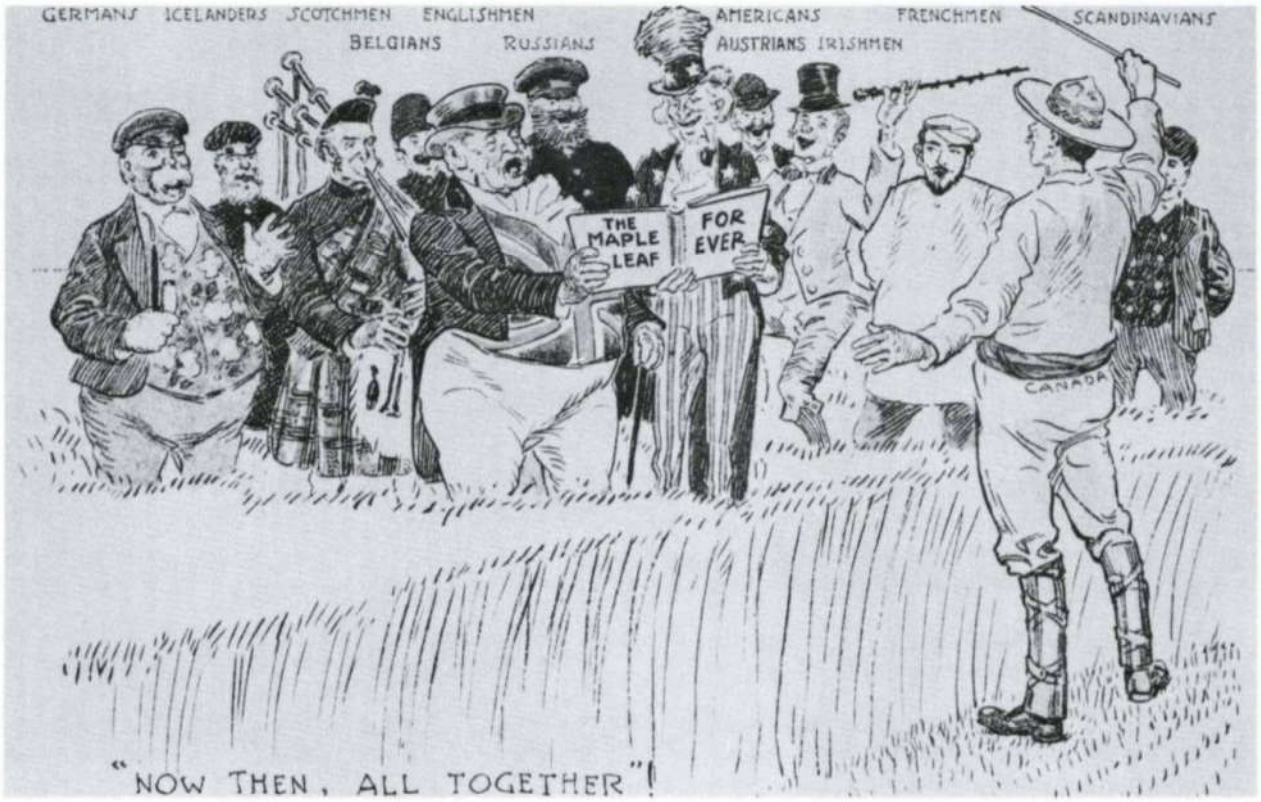


Official propaganda offered a new, rich life to newcomers.

illustrates. It has been transcribed in full as a representative sample of one of the almost 2,000 letters he wrote to prospective immigrants to the North West. Although phrases and information were often repeated, each letter was individually crafted to answer the particular questions asked by the correspondent involved:

Dear Madam,

Your letter under date of Feby. 26th to hand. Yes, the Canadian Government will grant you a homestead and there are not any that are suitable for your case in our District as they are scrubby and you should get a prairie one and I would advise you to write to J. Obed Smith, Government Immigration Commissioner, Winnipeg, Man. and he will give you the best District for you to select from. Now in regard to freezing and starving I have put in 19 winters here and have not froze a toe, finger, nose, ear and came here against my friends wishes as I was very thin and delicate and they advised me to go to California and grow fruit and get the mild climate. Well, I came here and been here 19 years and weigh 209 and am healthy and I like the winters here — sometimes 40 degrees below zero but if there was not a thermometer to look at you would not think it was zero. Last winter I was down through



A cartoon in "The Canadian West", 1906, suggested that immigrants of all nations could live together in harmony in Western Canada.

the States and while at Chicago and New York & Philadelphia I suffered more with the cold than any time in Manitoba and in Philadelphia I saw the worst blizzard I ever saw in my life. Of course, you will find a great change from Atlanta to Manitoba but you will not have to suffer the great heat.

You are right in regard to your children working hard and no home forth coming. Here, if you take up a homestead at the end of three years it will be worth 2,000 dollars to you and your boys as they reach 18 will be entitled to one each. Horses are expensive — will cost about $350.00 to $400.00 per span but oxen are good to start with and a yoke of them will cost 80 to 100 dollars. Cows are worth 30 to 35 dollars each. If you come up and take up a homestead you could buy a yoke of oxen and plow & harrow and get a few cows as butter is always worth 15 to 20 cents in summer and 20 to 30 in winter. You can grow all the potatoes you want — no bugs here — and cabbage, cauliflower, beets, peas, turnips, radishes, parsnips, in fact, all kinds of vegetables do well but vines does not succeed always. I have grown good melons but only occasionally. Red, white & black curants do well. Gooseberries, raspberries do well, strawberries also and raspberries & strawberries and saskatoons & high bush cranberries grow wild in abundance. There is none starve here. If you work the same here and manage as you have to do there, you will not starve but do well. No crop failures here, no high winds, no bad storms. I think you would like it here. I would advise you to write to Mr. Smith. Any further information you desire I will answer you.

I remain yours truly,
A.J. Cotton
Swan River, Man.

Where could the Northwest find a more positive — and more credible — endorsement? Farmers like Cotton obviously exerted a powerful if largely unsung influence in the process by which the Canadian West was peopled. ♦

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Undefeated: Part II

Friend to the White Man

By J.M. MacDonald

By the 1790s the Ojibwa had broadened their territory to the edge of the plains, and some individual bands were making tentative excursions out onto the comparatively dangerous grounds of the prairie. There, mounted Sioux warriors made short work of foot-slogging Ojibwa hunters, and it seemed that the Ojibwa had finally come up against an impassable barricade to their wanderings.

A rare account of those days, from the native point of view, was given by Chief Peguis to his grandson Reverend William Henry Prince, who then relayed the same highly detailed account to his grandson, Chief Albert Edward Thompson. The story was passed down over almost two centuries by memory. This might seem a dubious proposition, but anthropologists have for many years known that oral cultures are adept at preserving information in this way. Many early traders and explorers made note of the fact that natives could stand up and deliver, by rote, spoken accounts of myths and morality tales that were several hours in the telling.

In his published account *Chief Peguis and his Descendants* (Peguis Publishers, Winnipeg, 1973) Thompson tells how his great-great grandfather, accompanied by a party of hunters, travelled westward out of what is now Ontario until they reached Lake Winnipeg. Canoeing south on the lake, Peguis and his band discovered a foreign encampment. The camp was silent, except for the eerie whirring of magpies. Inside the tents were the rotting corpses of the camp's Cree inhabitants. They had died of smallpox.

The Ojibwa called the place Death River, Nee-poo-win (Netley Creek). Peguis decided that the location "seemed to be ideal for the band's needs. From the mouth of the Red to the creek fishing was good, and in the marshes on both sides of the river plenty of fur-bearing animals and wild fowl could be seen."

Previous page: A fanciful nineteenth-century depiction of Indians and Selkirk Settlers. Above: A stained glass window at St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, shows Chief Peguis and the Reverend John West at the settlement, 1820.

Reasoning that the former inhabitants "no longer required the area," Peguis and his band decided to stay. They travelled up the Red and, at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine, encountered a band of unfamiliar Indians. The strangers were Assiniboines. Peguis and his Ojibwa band made it clear that he had come in peace. According to Peguis, he and Chief Ouckidoat "smoked the pipe of peace and swore allegiance. Together they would fight the Sioux, their common enemy."

The area around what is now Winnipeg was traditionally used by many diffferent Indian tribes, and the Sioux visited the area only periodically, travelling north along the Red River to attack the Assiniboine and Cree. Peguis bartered horses from the Assiniboine (many of which were likely stolen from the Sioux) and used them to hunt buffalo in the area. Eventually, the Ojibwa established what was to become a long-standing relationship with the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1811 the Hudson's Bay Company provided Lord Selkirk with 116,000 acres of land for his proposed settlement. Although the Cree and Assiniboine had occupied the land for hundreds of years, the Scots seemed to regard the newcomers, Peguis and his band, as the primary landlords. The land lease addresses the Ojibwa above the long-term residents:

> To the Chiefs and Warriors of the Chippewas or Saulteaux (Ojibwa) nation, one hundred pounds of good marketable tobacco to be delivered on, or before the 10th day of October at Fort Douglas. To the Chiefs and Warriors of the Cree nation, a like present or quit-claim of one hundred pounds of tobacco to be delivered on or before the 19th day of October at Portage la Prairie on the banks of the Assiniboine River."

In the autumn of 1812 the second party of Selkirk settlers arrived, and discovered that there was not enough food to last the winter. The exhausted settlers were marched off on foot to Pembina, and en route they were joined by Peguis' Ojibwa hunters. The Indians offered to carry the children to Pembina on horseback, and the Scots agreed. One can only imagine the fears that must have flickered in the hearts of parents as their offspring were scooped up onto the backs of wildly feathered Indian horses. Fearful too, must have been the thoughts of the children as they were cradled in powerful arms and, to the sound of whooping voices and drumming hooves, carried off into the wilderness. Days passed before the distraught parents finally made it to Pembina and found their children safe and happy.

When the Ojibwa first arrived on the plains they were faced with an immense sea of waving grass. Chief Peguis makes no mention of his band's acquisition of horses, or the challenge of redesigning all their hunting and fighting tactics based on mounted riders. But obviously by the time the Selkirk Settlers arrived the Ojibwa were comfortable sitting bareback on a sprinting pony. This reorientation was so dramatic that the "Plains Ojibwa", or Saulteaux as they are commonly known, are sometimes regarded as a tribe separate from the Ojibwa.

Life on the plains, for bands like that of Chief Peguis, involved rethinking all those complex and ingenious tool-making methods, hunting and gathering patterns, garment-manufacturing techniques, and countless other skills that they had meticulously developed over centuries of life in the woodlands. In place of birch-bark wigwams they now slept in buffalo-hide tipis. Instead of birch-bark canoes, they now travelled by horseback. The moose, the deer and other woodland animals, even the beloved snapping turtle, were replaced with pronghorns and other denizens of the tall grass prairie.

National Archives of Canada

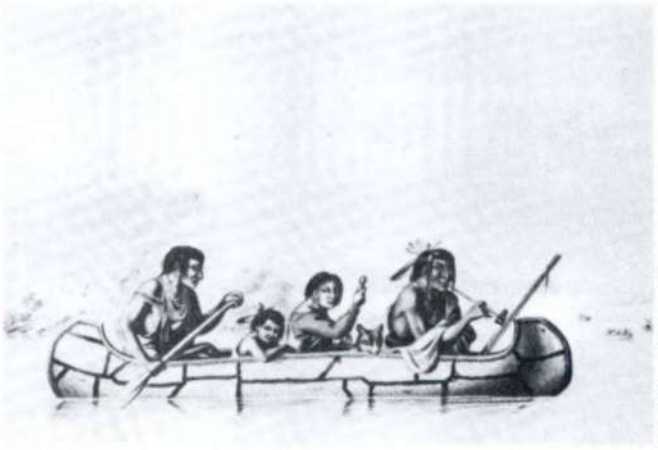
Ojibwa tents on the banks of the Red River near the settlement, by H.S. Hime, 1857-58.

Styles of clothing and art also changed, and began to resemble the motifs of the plains tribes. As is so often the case with declared combatants through the ages, the Ojibwa and Sioux began to resemble one another.

In 1832 the artist George Catlin journeyed up the Missouri, and at the mouth of the Yellowstone River in Montana he painted a portrait of an Ojibwa chief named "The Six". (See page 42). The painting, located in the Field Museum in Chicago, shows how dramatically the Ojibwa had changed. "The Six" is a stern, handsome individual with the hair bangs favoured by Woodland Ojibwa, but with the dangling eagle feathers and neck choker of Plains Indian style. He wears an antelope-skin shirt, decorated with quill work and figures of mounted warriors. Draped loosely over his shoulder is a buffalo robe.

"The Six" was probably not a straggler, caught far west of his territory, but a member of a band frequently mentioned by the Dakota (Sioux) in their "winter counts" (picturegraphic histories) of the area. At a place called Buffalo Lodge, near the North Dakota-Montana border, Ojibwa from the Minnesota woodlands built a fortified village and planted large fields of corn. Attacked repeatedly by the Sioux, the Ojibwa were bloodied but undefeated. In 1835, in fact, the Buffalo Lodge was the site of a Sun Dance that became probably the largest meeting of the Ojibwa in history. A huge sacrificial arbor at the center of the village was surrounded by a tipi village containing thousands of families from across Canada and the northern states. According to the events as recorded in the winter count, Dakota scouts disguised in wolf skins crawled around the camp, determining how best to attack it, but the main body of Dakota warriors decided that making an assault on such a well-attended Sun Dance would be equivalent to committing suicide.

"Chippeway Canoe", from an undated watercolour by Peter Rindisbacher.



U.S. Military Academy Museum

Field Museum, Chicago

"The Six", a Plains Ojibwa who was living near the mouth of the Yellowstone River in 1832 when he was painted by artist George Catlin.

All accounts of Ojibwa life on the plains during the 1800s make mention of the tremendous importance of the buffalo. Source of clothing, food, shelter, tools, weapons, religious inspiration, the buffalo had occupied the centre of Cheyenne, Assiniboine and Dakota life for centuries, and now moved to the centre of Plains Ojibwa life as well. Buffalo hunts usually took place in late summer and autumn, when calves were grown and cooler weather assisted in the storage of meat. Chiefs and council would meet and select a hunt leader, whose powers over organization of the hunt were total, but whose appointment was temporary and, we assume, dependent on the success of his last hunt.

The success or failure of the buffalo hunt was largely dependent on group strategy rather than individual skill. Buffalo hunting was not a cultural activity but a matter of survival. It was critical, therefore, to organize each hunt carefully, with analysis of topography, wind direction, distribution of animals, deployment of hunters, and so on. The greater the number of hunters the greater the chance of a blunder, and the greater the chance of an escaping herd. To complicate matters, inexperienced young men were usually keen to charge the herd and show what fine hunters they were. The hunt chief enforced strict planning via the tribal *okit-sita,* or police (law enforcement in traditional Ojibwa society was carried out by members of the bear clan). Hunters who disobeyed the rules laid down by the hunt chief were disciplined by having their tipi destroyed. On their third offence, lawbreakers might be shot.

Throughout the year, small hunting groups would try other methods of killing buffalo. Stampeding animals off a cliff was an imaginative, if limited tactic. Other methods were equally ingenious: Ojibwa disguised themselves as animals, imitating the bleat of a calf, or danced and blew a horn to arouse a herd's curiosity. Individuals with the ability to "call" buffalo were very rare, and it was believed that they were given this ability during their adolescent "vision quest". (During the vision quest, youngsters starved themselves for days in the wilderness, and waited for a visit from the animal spirit that would become their totem.) Individuals who could call buffalo, and lure them into pens, were called "poundmakers", or "buffalo dreamers", and the services of a poundmaker were sometimes the last hope of a band on the edge of starvation.

Before one of these last-ditch hunts, the poundmaker conducted an all-night ceremony, during which the Creator was begged for assistance. At this point, a circular pen would have been constructed, with long v-shaped wings leading out onto the prairie. The poundmaker would dress entirely as a bison bull, complete with horns and tail, and would ride out onto the plains in search of a herd. Once a herd was spotted, the buffalo dreamer would dance about and "call" the bison, and if his medicine was strong, the herd would follow him back to the enclosure. Once the buffalo were trapped a single bull, representing the "spirit of the buffalo", was allowed to escape to renew the population.

The role of buffalo dreamer was a coveted one, and it was generally limited to highly respected individuals within the full-blooded Ojibwa Midewewin society. But according to author Joseph Kinsey Howard the famed Métis leader Gabriel Dumont was a practising buffalo dreamer who could "call" bison into pens. Dumont never explained how he came to possess this skill, as few Indians survived at the time who would have been able to teach him.

By the mid-1800s the Ojibwa people had become the principal landlords of large sections of Ontario, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana and Saskatchewan — one of the largest Indian territories in history. But just as the Ojibwa star began rising, time began running out for aboriginal people in North America. The war of extermination began very early, almost simultaneous with the arrival of Europeans, and built up momentum. In Newfoundland the Beothuks were exterminated, hunted for sport by trappers and traders. A man named Noel Boss boasted of having bagged 99 Boethuks. His hundredth,

National Archives of Canada

"Cow buffalo of the Red River" by Peter Rindisbacher, early nineteenth century. The loss of the buffalo had dire consequences for the natives of the West.

a young girl named Shawnadithit, was only wounded and survived to become the Last of the Beothuks.

In 1637 the Pequot Indians resisted the migration of settlers into the Connecticut Valley. Puritans surrounded the Pequot village and set it on fire. Indian men, women and children fled the sudden wall of flames and were cut down by gunfire. Cotton Mather concluded the day with an entry in his diary. "On this day we have sent six hundred heathen souls to hell."

In 1830 United States President Andrew Jackson engineered the Removal Act, which legislated the removal of all Indians from lands east of the Mississippi. The Delaware, the Wyandot, the Miami, the Peoria, the Oneida and many other small, forgotten bands of Indians were driven westward on long forced marches at bayonet point. Only their names were allowed to remain, to become the picturesque titles of various eastern rivers, bridges and towns. Many Indians who marched froze to death en route or fell victim to exhaustion and disease. The Cherokee, a nation of gentle, civilized people with their own written language, were divested of their farms, mills, schools, and herded off on the infamous "Trail of Tears". Like others, they were forced to settle anew on windswept prairie occupied by unsympathetic and hostile Plains Indians. Some Cherokee resisted, and although a small nucleus escaped into the Smoky Mountains, many were hunted down by the U.S. Army and killed.

By 1880, General Phil Sheridan's dream of a sanitized western United States, scrubbed clean of buffalo, was becoming a reality. In that part of Canada that would later become the prairie provinces, the slaughter of thousands of the animals by large military-style Métis hunting parties, white settlers, Indians, Northwest Mounted Police and almost anyone else who could aim a rifle had driven the immense herds, once numbering in the millions, to the edge of that last great cliff. By 1885 the bison were all but extinct. And the Métis, whose culture and society was so closely linked to the buffalo hunt, fought a last-ditch losing battle against destiny and gatling guns at Batoche.

Meanwhile on the St. Peter's Reserve, near the present day town of Selkirk, Manitoba, the Ojibwa descendants of Chief Peguis lived in comparative peace, occupying 48,000 acres of some of the most valuable real estate in Manitoba. Since that chilly autumn evening in 1812, when buckskin-clad warriors on wild ponies thundered up to the Selkirk Settlers and promised to give their children horseback rides to the fort at Pembina, a bond of trust had linked the Indian and white communities. And it still existed. The Ojibwa taught white immigrants how to dress, hunt, and survive in the wilderness. They paddled the European's canoes, toted their bags, and offered the hands of their daughters in marriage. Unlike so many other Indian tribes who had resisted the white invaders with tragic results, the Ojibwa believed that a bond of trust would safeguard their lands more effectively than prayers or gunfire.

As the wave of white immigration rose, and the value of the Ojibwa's 48,000 acres of river valley rose along with it, that bond of trust would be put to the test. ♦

J.M. MacDonald is a Winnipeg writer with a special interest in the native peoples of Western Canada. The first part of this series appeared in the April/May issue of "The Beaver". The series will conclude in the August/September issue.

Gilbert McMicken, Spymaster

Canada's Secret Police

By Cheryl MacDonald

On 19 October 1864, Kentuckian Bennett H. Young stepped out of his hotel in St. Alban's, Vermont. Brandishing a pistol, he shouted, "In the name of the Confederate States, I take possession of St. Alban's." Moments later, 21 men who had drifted into town over the preceding weeks were herding people onto the village green. The Southerners robbed three banks of more than $200,000, set fire to buildings, then, mounted on stolen horses, raced for the Canadian border.

George Conger, a Union Army captain, organized the pursuit. But Young, a Confederate lieutenant who had ridden with Morgan's Raiders, was captured, and escaped from Union custody, was not about to be caught again. In the ensuing gunfight one of Conger's men was killed and two wounded. Young's group lost only one. The raiders hurried northward, setting fire to a bridge to stop their pursuers, but the furious Yankees chased them right into Quebec, where they trapped several, including Young. Before a British officer arrived to take the Confederates into custody, Young was severely beaten.

While the 14 Confederate captives awaited trial in a Montreal jail, Americans voiced their anger. Canada was still a British colony, and Britain was officially neutral. Nevertheless, since the beginning of the war a significant number of Canadians had expressed their anti-American sentiments in sympathy for the South. Many Southerners were living in exile in Canada (one Montreal hotel served the best mint juleps north of the Mason-Dixon line) and some of those exiles were spies. But most Canadian authorities ignored Confederate activities, in much the same way they turned a blind eye to Canadian enlistment in the Union Army, another blatant violation of British neutrality.

The St. Alban's raid made it impossible to ignore American activities in Canada. In its aftermath, Yankees called for a retaliatory attack against Canada, precisely the diversion the Confederates had hoped for. While Secretary of State William Seward struggled to control hawkish generals like Dix and Hooker and negotiated with Governor-General Monck, steps were being taken to end American activities on Canadian soil. In fact, the ground work had been laid a month before the St. Alban's raid with the formation of the Western Frontier Constabulary, Canada's first secret police force.

At its head was Commissioner Gilbert McMicken. Born in London, England, in 1813, he spent his formative years in Scotland, then emigrated to Canada in 1832. Settling in Chippewa, near Niagara Falls, he opened a forwarding business. Energetic and determined, McMicken made many influential friends. By 1838, when he was 25, McMicken was the customs collector at Queenston, and later carried out the same duties for Woodstock, Ingersoll and London. Soon he was deeply embroiled in local politics. In 1851 he became warden of the united counties of Lincoln and Welland; in 1857 he was the first mayor of Clifton. In the same year, he was elected to the Legislative Assembly as Conservative member for Welland.

Around this time, McMicken may have met John A. Macdonald. Among McMicken's many posts was that of cashier for the Zimmerman bank, later the focus of a spectacular scandal. Although McMicken, who had resigned before the bank's fraudulent practices were revealed, was not implicated, he was certainly acquainted with Samuel Zimmerman, and historian Jeff Keshen suggests the banker may have introduced him to the future prime minister. The fact that both Macdonald and McMicken were Freemasons likely helped Macdonald form a good opinion of McMicken. Even after McMicken resigned his seat in the legislature and moved to the Windsor area, the two men maintained contact. When the frontier police force was formed, Macdonald thought of McMicken, then serving as a magistrate. Patronage may have played a part in McMicken's appointment, but so did his qualifications. His experience as a customs collector gave him intimate knowledge of border conditions. Furthermore, as Macdonald stated, he was "a shrewd, cool and determined man who . . . [would] fearlessly perform his duty."

The gratitude McMicken expressed suggests he

Library of Congress

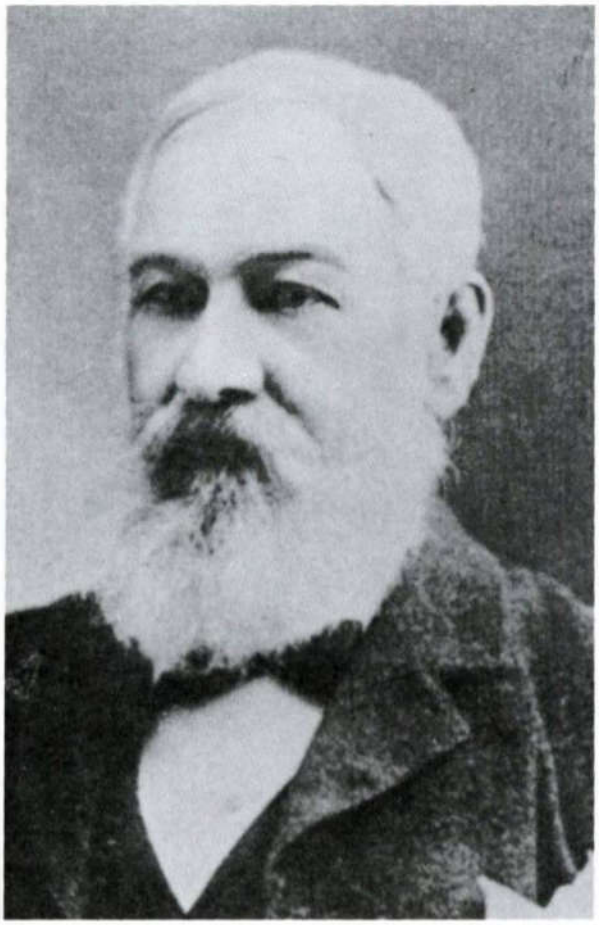
A federal charge at the Battle of Antietam, 1862. Many Canadians enlisted in the Union Army during the American Civil War.

found the job of frontier magistrate somewhat less than challenging:

> I shall do my best to fulfill the duties of the office and act as to merit your approbation . . . I feel I have 10 years good work in me yet, and if I can only get a foothold on the world again I shall yet shine.

Apparently not discussed — or at least not committed to writing — were McMicken's Southern sympathies. More than once he helped fugitive Confederate soldiers make their way to Halifax, from whence they returned to battle. Yet this apparent bias actually meshed with Macdonald's plans. To his American contacts the attorney general stressed the importance of the frontier police in discovering and preventing Confederate activities. What he chose not to emphasize was that the force would also do its utmost to limit Canadian enlistment in the Union Army.

Under the Foreign Enlistment Act no British subject could serve in a foreign army. From the outset of the Civil War, however, thousands of Canadians had enlisted, drawn into the ranks by opposition to slavery, dreams of glory or the need to earn a living. Like most armed conflicts before and since, the war between the states was seen by some as a profit-making venture. Among these were substitute brokers, men (and a few women) who offered a fee to Canadians who agreed to enlist in place of conscripted Americans and then collected a bounty from the American government. Also called "crimps" or "crimpers", some of the substitute brokers tried to cheat recruits out of the bounty; others resorted to kidnapping in order to keep the cash coming in. John Bland Allison was walking along a Niagara street in July 1864 when a man approached. Suddenly Allison was unconscious. When he came to, he was aboard the *Michigan*, an American ship stationed in Lake Erie. Allison, two months shy of his 16th birthday, was rescued by the Canadian consul.



Manitoba Archives

Gilbert McMicken, the spymaster in old age. In later life McMicken had a second career as a politician in Manitoba.

Another man, Charles Lloyd, went to Detroit and Buffalo looking for work. In Buffalo, a stranger offered him liquor. Suspicious, Lloyd refused, but accepted a soft drink. It was drugged, and Lloyd found himself in the Union Army. After he sent his wife a letter from camp, Canadian authorities prepared to intervene. Before they could do so, Lloyd deserted.

Putting a stop to crimping was one of the detectives' main tasks, although one that brought tremendous frustration and, ultimately, little success, for reasons discussed in a letter from John A. Macdonald to McMicken:

> The bounty is so enormous and the inducement so great for young and enterprising men that we cannot be surprised at the number leaving the Country. Our only consolation is that when the war is over those who are not killed will come back to Canada wiser men than they went, with a good deal of practical knowledge in Military matters, which may be hereafter useful.

Nevertheless, McMicken attacked the assignment with vigour. He started recruiting in November, inviting suitable men to join the constabulary. Simultaneously, he contacted American and Canadian officials who might assist in keeping the peace. Frequently, he pulled strings to reach the appropriate individuals. For example, he wangled a letter of introduction from the Mayor of Detroit to the Mayor of Buffalo, part of which praised McMicken as "the right man in the right place". At the same time, to keep expenses down, he persuaded Grand Trunk and Great Western railway officials to give him a pass.

McMicken's plan was simple. Spies would be placed in important border towns or major railway centres where they could watch for suspicious activities. By the beginning of 1865, about a dozen agents were in position. Because the force was small, the men depended heavily on their own initiative and daring, as well as the cooperation of local officials.

Most of the agents had some useful experience on which to draw. Samuel Allen, who was initially posted to Sarnia, had served five years with the Irish police, three with the Toronto force. Patrick Carey had been a soldier for nearly decade, as had James Smith. In fact, police or military service was the one thing the men had in common. The other was physical presence — most were under 30, tall, and presumably strong. Not surprisingly, considering McMicken's own origins and that of most Canadians, almost all were born in Britain.

As the men took up their duties, they each received a copy of Special Order #1:

> You will until further orders act strictly as a detective — not discovering to anyone your employment in the Force.
>
> You will use your utmost diligence with discretion and judgment to find out any attempt to disturb the public peace, the existence of any plot, conspiracy or organization whereby peace would be endangered, the Queen's Majesty insulted or her proclamation of neutrality infringed.
>
> The chief duty of the Force on which you are a member is to suppress and prevent all attempts at Raids being committed by lawless men upon the country and people of the United States. You will therefore be active and diligent in this behalf, discovering by all means in your power any plan, plot, organization, conspiracy or attempt to disturb in this way the harmony and peace that now exists between Her Majesty's Government and people and the Government and people of the United States.
>
> You will also observe and watch parties known as "Scalpers", "Bounty Jumpers", "Substitute Brokers", etc. whose calling it is to entice soldiers to

desert from her Majesty's service and to entice them and other of the people to enlist in the army of the United States.

The men were also admonished to watch for unlawful drilling, since a Fenian raid was a real concern, and were told to contact the local magistrate in emergencies. To aid in identification, each man was issued a special card. And, to keep spymaster McMicken informed, they were ordered to report twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and in the event of any crisis.

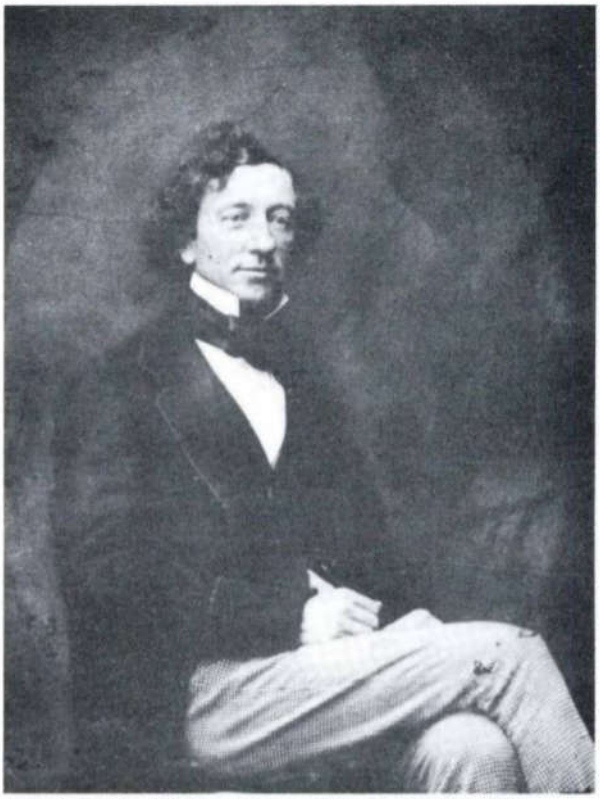
Soon the first reports were filtering in. In Chippewa, John Wright announced he had been sent by the Chief of Police of Toronto to take up his duties as "poliseman." From Windsor, William Black suggested that a description of the individuals be included on passports which Canadians entering the United States were required to carry under an order issued by Abraham Lincoln on 17 December 1864. Black pointed out one of the difficulties: he had seen the same passport switched from person to person.

Photography was still in its infancy, and of little use to a detective force. Consequently, detectives had to rely on their powers of observation and use of words to describe suspects. For instance, John Campbell reported from Brantford on a conversation he overheard among three men. Not only did they claim they could get as many passports as they wanted, they also spoke of substitute brokers with admiration. Campbell concluded these men needed watching, and in case they eluded him and moved into the territory of another agent he included their description in a report to McMicken:

> Description of Thoms. Watson, is about 6f high, white hair, high forehead, blue eyes, nose slightly to one side with a cut at the lower part of the right nostril, no beard, well built about 25 years old very quiet, dresses in American style.
>
> Description of Shipman, is an American by birth, about 5F8in high, very low forehead, dark eyes — brown hair, heavy moustache and goatee, the same as hair, slight built, talks a great deal, poorly dressed.
>
> Description of Jones, coloured man, not very black, is about 5f10in high, wool on his head, high forehead, face shaved clean, very flat nose, seems to be broken, stout build, talks considerable, grey clothing.

In Port Colborne, James Allen witnessed a broker's conversation with two substitutes. When one of them seemed to back out, the broker grabbed hold of him. Allen informed a magistrate, but the substitute refused to testify. Allen later saw him buying a ticket to Buffalo with the others.

Even if a substitute was willing to discuss a broker's approach, there was no guarantee he would be brought

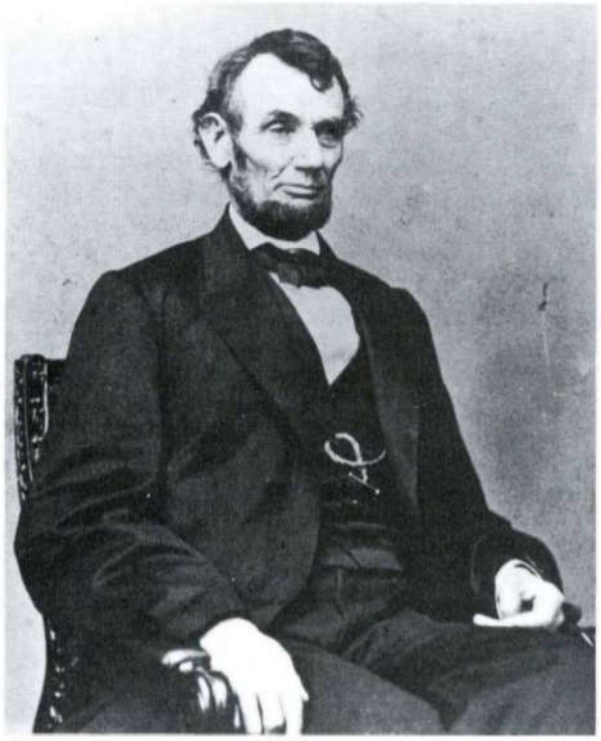


National Archives of Canada

John A. Macdonald, Attorney-General for Canada West, 1857.

to justice. In Brantford, Charles Peel was arrested and handcuffed. Despite the presence of two constables, he made a break for it, got into a wagon and escaped. Although the constables claimed otherwise, agent John Campbell believed they had not tried to catch him. In other localities, charges against other substitute brokers were frequently dismissed for lack of evidence. And, as the detectives reported from time to time, there were places where local constables and magistrates were actually in league with substitute brokers.

If the collusion of officials did not keep crimpers out of jail, the threat of physical violence might. Relaying information from James Allen in Port Colborne, McMicken reported, "he has been threatened with having a bullet put through him if he does not leave." After William Caldwell had Walter Freylick arrested, his father threatened to shoot the detective. Such threats carried extra weight because Caldwell, like the other detectives, carried no weapon. As early as 6 January 1865, Edward Carr had written from St. Catharines, "I would respectfully recommend that it would be necessary for the effectual working of the service here that I should be armed with a revolver knowing the desperate characters I shall have to contend with." McMicken looked into the matter, but most secret service operatives apparently remained unarmed.



Abraham Lincoln: The American president ordered that all Canadians entering the United States must have a passport.

If they had no weapons, McMicken's men had the most important tools of the detective trade, their powers of observation. They were all expected to keep their eyes and ears open. So, upon his arrival in Sarnia, Samuel Allan checked all arrivals and departures of the Great Western trains, and those of the Grand Trunk in neighboring Point Edward. In addition, he monitored the steamboats running between Port Huron and the Canadian side, "And I also visit several parts of the town late at night and everything seems quiet and peaceable." In Woodstock, John Caldwell made a point of getting acquainted with the "fast men" in town. Patrick Carey, stationed in Guelph, checked trains, shipping, activities at foundries where weapons might be manufactured, and wandered around late at night.

Charles Spence provided one of the more detailed accounts of how the operatives worked. Writing from London in early January, Spence told how he saw three Union soldiers walking down Dundas Street. Following them to a saloon owned by a "Yankee" he ordered a sandwich and watched them. The soldiers, it turned out, had been discharged three weeks earlier. They were living at the saloon, which Spence described as "a regular gambling house". Subsequent visits proved that the establishment was a favorite haunt of bounty jumpers and scalpers.

Anonymity was essential for McMicken's men. In the first few weeks, the element of surprise also worked in their favour, since few people realized detectives were at work. From Niagara, Robert Anderson wrote that he suspected a man named Mullins was a crimper. "I know him well and am determined to watch him sharply, he being totally ignorant of any such person as me being in the neighbourhood." As time passed, though, the detectives' quarry were alerted. By mid-February, James Allen was known as a detective in Port Colborne. McMicken reported, "he has been threatened with having a bullet put through him if he does not leave." Allen asked for, and received a transfer. Later that year, writing from Brantford, it was clear he had learned from his early experience. When Edward Langs, Robert Whitmore and Levi Westbrook went to trial for recruiting Richard Thorpe, Allen wrote, "I did not like to appear in Court as it would make me known to the public, so I managed to get an uncle of Thorpe's to lay the information . . ." John Campbell found another way out of the dilemma. In April, he began using an alias, John B. Henderson, "the name Campbell being too well known."

The detectives' devotion to duty was well-nigh heroic considering their working conditions. Along with danger, they also faced deprivation, despite a higher-than-average pay rate of around $30 per month. Early in January 1865, detectives Fraser, Allen and Campbell told McMicken "All of us stand in need of money very much." On 24 January Charles Spence wrote to McMicken asking for money for postage stamps. A few weeks later, John Campbell reported from Brantford that he needed cash to pay for his board and other "necessaries."

McMicken relayed the problems to Macdonald. The men were dissatisfied and their families were suffering. Could some arrangement be made to have them paid by the tenth of each month? "Prompt payment would greatly increase their Zeal and watchfulness and add very much to their Efficiency. . . ." Some money did appear, for on 15 March Charles Spence wrote from London acknowledging receipt of his pay "$30, all safe, I am very thankful to you Sir for sending it to me for I was in need of it." By this time, at least one of the force had resigned for a "better and more permanent situation," presumably one that paid regularly. It was a wise move, since money problems continued to plague the force. By April, James Redfern had to report he could not follow McMicken's orders to go to Fort Erie, because he had no cash for travelling expenses.

Redfern's report was written on 13 April, the day before President Lincoln's assassination. Although the Civil War was over, there was still work for the detectives. First, there were rumours that the president's assassin had fled to Canada. In London, Pat Carey heard a report that the murderous actor had slept in

a Canadian hotel on 23 April but left around midnight "Because there was no lock to his bedroom door. The storey goes that they did not recognize him till they saw his Photograph the next day." John Wilkes Booth, of course, was nowhere near Canada, although he had stayed in a Montreal hotel prior to the assassination, and one of the conspirators, John Surratt, passed through the country as he fled to Europe. By the time Booth was killed in Virginia, the frontier police were turning their attention to bootlegging, gambling, counterfeiting and the subversive activities of Fenians, with the latter the main focus of their efforts over the next several years. One of the most successful operatives in this area was Thomas Beach. Using the name Henry LeCaron, he infiltrated the Fenian hierarchy and later wrote of his exploits. His efforts helped keep Canadian authorities forewarned, with dire consequences for the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

In his memoirs, Beach praised McMicken's work as head of the secret service:

> I found him ever ready and willing to help me, meeting me at a moment's notice, placing everything at my disposal, and watching over my safety and my interests with a fatherly care which I shall ever recall with thoughts of the keenest appreciation.

Presumably, his sentiments were shared by many others, both within the force and outside. After the Civil War, McMicken found many ways to make himself useful. When D'Arcy McGee's murder was linked to Fenians, McMicken was placed in charge of security for members of parliament, thus establishing the Dominion Police Force, a forerunner of the R.C.M.P. McMicken himself was sometimes assigned to protect important visitors, including Prince Arthur, who visited Canada in 1870. He also helped settle a boundary dispute between Canada and the United States, and when the Fenians threatened to incite the Métis in Manitoba, McMicken was dispatched to Winnipeg.

When Macdonald appointed him to the frontier police, McMicken wrote of having at least ten good years left. In fact, he had more than 25. Before he died on 7 March 1891, he settled in Manitoba and revived his political career, serving as member of the provincial legislature, assistant receiver-general, and Speaker of the House. Meanwhile, the efforts of the frontier police, largely unpublicized because of the need for secrecy, faded from memory.

In a petition to the federal government shortly before his death, Gilbert McMicken reiterated his contribution to Canadian security. Recalling the tumultuous final days of the Civil War and his orders to curtail American activities, he wrote:

> As to how discreetly and successfully I discharged the delicate and onerous duty thus devolved upon me, I can confidently appeal to each member of that Government (yet alive), and especially to Lord Monck, the then Governor-General, from whom I received thanks . . .

Canadian militiamen of the 1860s.

Such demonstrations of gratitude were in short supply for other members of the frontier police force. Still their role in preserving law and order cannot be overlooked. In their own secretive way, they helped shape Canada's destiny in the dangerous years of the Civil War and the uncertain ones after Confederation. ◆

Cheryl MacDonald, a frequent contributor to "The Beaver", lives in Nanticoke, Ontario.

Neighbours

The government of Mr. Lincoln is a standing monument to incompetence and wickedness.

— Toronto *Leader*,
4 January 1862.

The star-spangled banner is in fact a fine flag, and has waved to some purpose; but those who live near it, and not under it, fancy they hear too much of it.

— Novelist Anthony Trollope, 1862.

Lives of Men and Women

"People don't think of themselves as historical actors," says Joy Parr. When she asks men and women in Ontario towns about their community, they tell her first about the dramatic events: the fires, and the time someone fell down the well. "Real" history means headline news from the past. Joy Parr is a "real" historian — she has a Ph.D. and she is a professor at a university — so that is what they offer her.

But that headline stuff is not what this historian wants, and she waits while they work around to what she is interested in. To their surprise — and growing enthusiasm — what interests her are the mundane details of what people did every day. She intends to make history from the shape of their lives, their sense of themselves as men and women.

Joy Parr, in other words, does social history.

Social history is still a mysterious beast. In the last couple of decades, "social" historians have almost taken over many university history departments. Sometimes it seems hard to find an historian under forty who will confess to being interested in "merely" political history. But just what social historians do remains unclear — and their talk of structures, systems, and statistical series helps keep it that way. The broad public, like the people Joy Parr met, still presumes that history is mostly famous and dramatic events, or the local versions of them.

Joy Parr is part of that generation of socially-minded historians, and it is not hard to see her as a representative figure of her generation. In the fall of 1990, when her new book, *The Gender of Breadwinners*, appeared, it began to seem that she may be one of our most important — and most interesting — social historians. Despite its daunting title, the book and its author explain something of what social history is and does these days, and what it has to say to the rest of us.

PARIS AND HANOVER

In the early 1980s, Joy Parr spent many months in two places typical of southern Ontario but rare in the rest of the country, namely rural towns which also boast a factory or two producing nationally-known brand names. She went to Paris, Ontario, where the Penman's factory and its English-immigrant workers knitted the stockings and long underwear that kept generations of Canadians warm. She also went to Hanover, a little farther north, where German-Canadian woodworkers crafted fine furniture in the Peppler and Knechtel workshops. Both towns' industries had been born soon after Confederation, when John A. Macdonald's National Policy kept out foreign competition and the new railroad opened markets right across the country. While she was studying them, both Penman's and Knechtel's were dying in the 1981-2 recession, and unemployment stalked the towns.

Joy Parr: Socially-minded.

What interested Parr about Paris and Hanover was not so much the rise and fall of small-town industries as the lives of the people who worked in the imposing brick factory buildings. Something made Paris in particular stand out. Paris was a "woman's town".

Knitting was a woman's skill even when practised in factories. John Penman hired hundreds of women to work in his factories by the Grand River. He recruited women to Paris all the way from the textile towns of the English midlands. Until the 1920s, Penman's paid women's fares, then took repayment by docking their wages for a year or two. Many of the women immigrants were single, but some brought children, and some brought the husbands they supported. There were few jobs for men in Paris, but women worked for wages there, and if they married they kept working.

Joy Parr was intrigued. In Canada in the early 1900s "everyone knew" that women were not supposed to work for wages, particularly once they married. It was simply not what proper women did. Yet women in Paris worked in the Penman's factories all their lives, single and married. "They knew decent women were not 'supposed' to work for pay after marriage," says Joy Parr. "And yet they worked, and they were decent women. So they knew the difference between the ideal and the reality."

Talking to the women of Paris — including some who immigrated in the early years of the century and remained Penman's employees into the 1970s — Parr learned how women's work in the factories changed life in Paris. More than elsewhere, women owned homes or boarded together in self-supporting groups. They might marry younger men and expect them to share the housework. They would leave the factory for a few years to raise children and expect Penman's to take them back when they chose to return. They were militant about their rights, but they had a hard time with outside unions with traditional ideas about women and work. In Paris, being a woman and a factory worker was always complicated — but always possible. Paris showed the "women don't work" rule never applied everywhere. It opened a way for Parr to explore the many curious ways in which ideas about what men and women "ought" to do have shaped work and home — and politics and labour strife, too.

In Hanover, the subject of the second half of Parr's book, wives worked at home and men built furniture in Daniel Knechtel's factory. That seemed a more normal work situation, but when I told Joy Parr that I had wondered how she would apply her theme of gender, she laughed. "As if only women have gender!"

In fact, ideas about men's work and women's work were just as powerful in Hanover as in the "women's town" of Paris. For the cabinetmakers who worked in the big Knechtel's factory on the main street, manliness was important, and manliness was bound up with craft skills.

"Even when he was the biggest employer in town," Parr observed, "Daniel Knechtel saw himself simply as the leading craftsman among a community of craftsmen. That was who he was. But it was a lot more complicated when his son J.S. became a professional manager, in a suit, behind a desk, and when efficiency experts began timing the draftsmen to fit them to a schedule.

"It was a real problem. How could either the managers or the workers accept the new industrial roles if that went against their sense of themselves as men?"

How that question was settled provides the story for Parr's Hanover chapters. As workers and managers struggled over what was right and proper, they fought many strikes, "striking every week if they had to," in the words of one Knechtel's worker. And as settlement slowly evolved, so did a new idea of manliness. In the new industrial world, craft skills meant less. Instead men could respect themselves as breadwinners, union men whose hard-won earnings enabled them to support their families — and keep their wives at home.

THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE SOCIAL HISTORIAN

Knechtel's workers identified themselves as "stout men" as strongly as Penman's workers were "decent women". Those self-images shaped — and in turn were shaped by — the work they did. "Issues of gender were not ones I simply imposed," says Parr. "When I looked at the way Paris *or* Hanover functioned, issues of gender simply leaped out."

Joy Parr's own history shaped her interest in rural Ontario and the history of men's and women's work. She comes from "the tenth of Elderslie," she says, meaning (in the language of rural Ontario) that she was raised on the Tenth Line Road of Elderslie Township in Bruce County — not far from Hanover, in fact. History was an early interest for her, but when she went away to McGill University in 1967 she studied economics instead. "As a woman, and as a woman from a family of painfully modest means, I wanted something that I could rely on for a living. I was very practical about it."

Practical enough, in fact, to win a scholarship for graduate studies at Yale University. It was at Yale that she decided she might just be able to support herself as an historian and switched fields. At Yale she also apprenticed in social history, writing a dissertation on the history

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of child labour and child immigration. Despite stern suggestions that this was vicarious parenthood and not "serious," her book *Labouring Children* helped create the history of childhood as part of Canadian history. (It also became a key source for a best-selling popular history, Kenneth Bagnall's *The Little Immigrants* — a matter that still irks her.) She taught for three years at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, where she now teaches Canadian social history.

"In the sixties," she says, trying to explain the rise of "new" social history, "there was a return to the idea that politics was more than men in elected office, that problems had to be examined on some deeper, broader level of society. Social history, labour history, women's history, all came out of the wider cultural sense of that time — and since — that questions politics as the basis of meaning. You know, political history starts with the notion that citizenship is our fundamental identity. Social historians look at the identities we have that are based on something more than citizenship."

Parr thinks it is an idea whose time has come. "In the Meech Lake crisis, I was impressed to see that people wrote letters to the *Globe and Mail* saying life went on, Peter Mansbridge shouldn't pay so much attention to it. Politics as something done in the legislature — we're no longer ready to grant that credibility. And that's not a temporary reaction but a seachange."

Social history, she says, is about a different kind of power and conflict, and its questions are different. To explore the identities of working men and women in Paris and Hanover, Joy Parr made herself as much anthropologist as historian. She liked the experience.

"Going out into a community like a cultural anthropologist, you work with people who don't know the papers you use but who know the subject you want to know about." She had arrived at "an apocalyptic moment," when the towns' industries were in their death throes. The people were reassessing what they were, and they wanted to make sure this outsider got things right. Parr learned a great deal about knitting mills and cabinetmaking and factory operations. She also learned a lot of gender history. "I define what I do as gender history, not women's history. I am just as interested in how gender affects men."

LIVES OF MEN AND WOMEN

Does it matter, how Paris and Hanover defined and fought over the right way for men and women to behave? Gender history tells us nothing about how the Tories ousted the Liberals or how Canada's place in a global economy has been shaped. Like most works of social history, *The Gender of Breadwinners* chronicles no particularly striking events, no headline news.

But a history like Joy Parr's does have things to say about the way we live. The roles of women and men are changing fast. Women whose mothers thought it not quite right to hold a paying job now demand places in the executive suite or at the university lectern. Men whose fathers never cooked a meal now take for granted that changing diapers is a man's job too. Yet the changes do not come easily. At the very least, they leave us a bit bewildered about what men are supposed to be, what women are supposed to do. If social history still seems not quite "real" history, perhaps it is only because we have not come to expect historians to help us with challenges such as these.

Joy Parr thinks the histories of Paris and Hanover can tell us important things. They show, she says, that "we're constantly remaking our understanding of what men and women are. Paris and Hanover are not far apart, it's an hour and a half on a good day. Yet they had completely different understandings of what gender meant.

"A lesson I take from it is this. The shape of our bodies, the way they work, is more or less fixed, from thousands of years. But gender, the way we imagine manliness and womanliness, that shifts." She is voicing her version of a social historian's creed: everything has a history. "I think that is enabling. We do make who we are as men and women. And when we change the rules, social chaos does not result."

If equality legislation and changing values ever open all careers to all men and women, Parr has no doubt that men and women will find other ways of defining manly and womanly behaviour. But, she stresses, we are a long way from there — not least in her own job of history professor. History professors, in her experience, still value manly traits. "They are authoritative, they are controlling, they get along in that clubbable society of fellow scholars. In job interviews they put aside all aspects of their personality that do not relate directly to the job." She thinks women academics still must succeed "by being like men. We live in drag."

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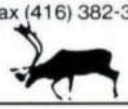

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"It mattered terribly," Parr writes in a line that might sum up her intense, compassionate study of Paris and Hanover, "that there be a settled understanding of who men and women were." We might expect a theme like that in an Alice Munro story or in a David French play. But why not in a history book? In fact, the social historians in the universities seem almost to conspire to keep their research and their ideas from becoming part of the common history of all Canadians.

Academics of Joy Parr's generation are the first products of huge, mass-enrollment universities, with enough scholars in every field that they need no audience beyond themselves. They win promotion and praise by writing in the objective, scientific style that has become an obligatory part of academic standards. While history professors in traditional fields may still think of history as partly a literary art addressed to a wide audience, academic social historians do little to seek or welcome readers who neither have Ph.D.s nor aspire to them. Comfortable in the university, social historians have yet to find a language that would let them both do their work and share it with the wider society of readers and thinkers.

Joy Parr's work is no exception. Her clear-eyed concern and respect for the people she writes about leaps out, and a reader can glimpse life in the worlds of Paris or Hanover. But *The Gender of Breadwinners* is a serious, technical work of scholarship addressed mostly to Professor Parr's professional colleagues. The introduction speaks of the need to "problematize binary oppositions," to "rethink categoricalism," to "see past to conceptual signage," until it is hard to imagine many readers seeing past the signs of academia to the human issues she engages. Paris and Hanover and their men and women, at once so foreign and so admirable, are still unlikely to become part of our common historical landscape in the way Meech Lake, the Gulf War, or the Quebec Referendum so easily do.

"You know, there is the past, and then there is history," Joy Parr says. "There is the event and then there is the story you can live with. Everyone constructs a livable rendering of events." By turning its spotlight from the usual historical events, social history can suggest a different story for the past. One day it may yet change how we all think of history and the kind of historical stories we tell each other.

(Joy Parr's book, "*The Gender of Breadwinners: Women, Men and Change in Two Industrial Towns 1880-1950*" was published by the University of Toronto Press in 1990.)

Christopher Moore of Toronto has published books on Louisbourg and the Loyalists. In the April/May issue of "The Beaver" he wrote about historian J.L. Granatstein of York University.

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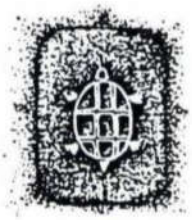

SIXTH

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Mackinac State Historic Parks will host the **Sixth North American Fur Trade Conference** September 25-29, 1991, at Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island, Michigan. Over fifty anthropologists, historians, geographers, museum professionals, and other scholars from Canada, the United States, and Europe will present papers on various aspects of the history of the fur trade, interaction with Native People, archaeology, and interpretation. Activities and tours of the area's historic sites are also planned. For a registration packet and further information write:

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Mapping a New World

By Shirlee Anne Smith

A COUNTRY SO INTERESTING
The Hudson's Bay Company and Two Centuries of Mapping, 1670-1870

Richard I. Ruggles. McGill-Queen's University Press, Kingston and Montreal, 1991. 300 pp., illus. $49.95.

This book has had a long gestation. In August 1978 Professor Ruggles sent a proposal for a book on mapping to the General Editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society. It was approved but was the first casualty when the Hudson's Bay Company decided to terminate the Record series with the publication of the thirty-third volume dated 1981. By 1986 McGill-Queen's had expressed an interest and the formal launching of the book was held in Winnipeg in February of this year. A special edition of the book was issued for members of the Rupert's Land Research Centre. *A Country So Interesting* is divided into five parts: "Introduction", which covers Company policies, equipment used, the types of map-makers, and the contribution of natives; "Investigating a Country so Interesting", which includes the history of mapping in eight chronological periods; "Plates", "Catalogues", and "Appendices, Glossary, Notes, Bibliography and Index."

In the seventeenth century the Company was primarily interested in maps of the areas showing Hudson Strait, and Hudson and James bays. By 1675 it was evident that the English chart-makers had access to Company information. The details may have been provided by Captain Zachariah Gillam, as the author notes that he was interviewed by the Royal Society after his voyages to the Bay in 1668 and 1672. From 1686 until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 much of the Company's energies were deployed in wars with the French and in preparing depositions and memorials for the Lords Commissioners for use during treaty negotiations in Continental Europe. The Company was more interested in territorial rights than in claims for damages, although these were also pursued. The importance of cartographic evidence was aptly made in one of the memorials prepared to advance their claims:

> It is not pretended that the Mapps doe settle a Certaine Right, but the names which they Generally give to Country's are Conveinceing marks of the Propriety.

The author mourns the thirty per cent attrition of the maps over two centuries. There are a number of reasons given for this serious loss to Canada's heritage. Because of their awkward sizes storage space for maps has always been difficult. This was particularly true of a corporation doing business in London where archives had to utilize every cranny that was not needed for the storage and display of furs. During the packing of the archives for transfer to the Provincial Archives of Manitoba watercolours were found stored under a carpenter's bench.

As the Company expanded its trading operations and its trading territory maps became more crucial to an understanding of the country and its people. The author may not have intentionally set out to provide information on the Company's penetration into what is today most of Canada, but this thread runs parallel with his study of mapping. Pages abound with travel detail, data gathering, the instruments used, and informants involved down to the last detail of sending the sketch, map or chart to London. The obscure and the well-known all have their moments on the author's page, including Thomas Mitchell, Moses Norton, Matonabbee, Samuel Hearne, Philip Turnor, Peter Fidler, John Marley, and Joseph Pemberton. But in the end what is truly remarkable is that the men had the interest and stamina to carry out their mapping assignments. In addition to travelling and trading there were the ever present environmental hazards: One employee reported in 1744 that "ye musketoes Like to Pick out our Eyes", while another complained that he arrived back at Albany in 1775 "half starved & greatly fatigued".

The organization of archival research notes covering not only 200 years but a vast geographical area from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Arctic to the northern Pacific United States must have been a daunting task. This reviewer would have preferred a more general discussion in "Company Procedures in the Operation of Policy", with some of the specific information about Philip Turnor added to Part II where Turnor's contribution is discussed. The summary of the Company's cartographic contribution on page nine may have been more appropriate at the end of the text, prior to "Afterword". Two of the Chapter headings in Part II give an idea of the author's geographical divisions, and the areas he is covering — "Mapping to the Columbia and Behind the Eastmain, 1795-1821" and "Mapping

"North America, showing Hudson's Bay and Straights, 1748", from "A Country So Interesting".

Rupert's Land, the Mackenzie Basin and the Arctic Shore, 1821-1849". Fortunately, the chapters are broken down by sub-headings of manageable size.

The general reader, and the cartographic archivist in particular, will be interested in knowing why the author specifically selected those 66 maps for reproduction. The answer is probably a simple one. The maps are interesting for their geographical detail, or execution, and frequently both. It was pleasing to see the map by Ac Ko Mok Ki (The Feathers) on the "Indian Tribes Living on Both Sides of the Rocky Mountains", which was featured by Professors D.W. Moodie and Barry Kaye in the Spring 1977 issue of *The Beaver*. The five "Location Maps", on pages xv-xix of various areas of Canada will enable the reader to quickly find place names mentioned in the text and can be used for comparing the manuscript maps to the modern version.

Manuscript maps are invariably difficult to photograph because of their size, faded ink, and the wear and tear of centuries. Despite the considerable reduction of the maps published in this volume the place names can be easily read. The photographer is to be commended. As none of the maps was photographed in colour a full appreciation remains elusive. This point particularly applies to Samuel Thornton's splendid map on parchment showing Hudson Strait and Hudson and James bays, dated 1709.

The first two catalogues list the manuscript maps from 1670-1870 surviving in the HBC Archives, and those which have found their way into other repositories. The date, cartographer's name, HBCA classification number, and the scale/size are given. The third lists maps which the author knows were prepared but have not been located, and have undoubtedly perished. Few people, except specialists, appreciate catalogues, but this information will be helpful to editors, illustrators, researchers, and the third one adds to the basic knowledge of mapping.

The book is a handsome production. In keeping with modern trends a number of "patrons" were involved. The Hudson's Bay Company paid for some of the research travel costs, and grants were received from the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada, and several offices at Queen's University.

As one would expect from McGill-Queen's the publication appears to be free of typesetting errors. Historical inaccuracies are minimal. The eighty pounds which the author states the Company paid in 1750 to William Coats for two maps does appear excessive. After all, they only gave Anthony Henday a 20 pound gratuity for his journey to the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains in 1754. On checking the documents the eighty pounds also included Coats' assistance to the trade at Richmond Gulf.

One wishes that the current state of map cataloguing in the Hudson's Bay Company Archives had been checked before the manuscript went to press. On page six the author states that the extent of the Company's cartographic archives is not exactly known. For the period under review the extent is known, although the cataloguing of archival media is rarely up to date because of acquisitions. On p. 261 it is mentioned that the 2,100 manuscript lot survey plans of the post-1870 Land Department are not yet fully catalogued. The cataloguing of these maps was completed early in 1990.

Maps are a good source for many facets of research including geographical, historical, ethnographic, and calligraphic. This collection, although small, along with the allied material, is a source of major significance to Canadians who are interested in knowing more about the historical geography of their country. It is hoped that the book is purchased not only by the general reader, but by school and university libraries.

The author, who is Professor Emeritus, Department of Geography, Queen's University, is magnanimous in his acknowledgements of assistance from colleagues and repositories. There is, however, little evidence of his concrete contribution to the Hudson's Bay Company Archives. During the early 1980s he was a frequent visitor, and at least once a week there would arrive on the Keeper's desk, in his meticulous handwriting, a number of corrections to the map catalogues, especially those relating to circa dates. His enthusiasm and intense interest in his subject was infectious. It is gratifying that this monumental contribution to the Company's mapping, which represents a life's work, is now available to everyone.

Shirlee Anne Smith was Keeper, Hudson's Bay Company Archives, 1973-1990.

Just Good Friends

By Tom Saunders

DEAREST EMILIE
The Love Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Madame Emilie Lavergne

Introduction and commentary by Charles Fisher, preface by Paul Gerin-Lajoie. NC Press, Toronto, 1989. 160pp., illus. $24.95.

During Laurier's lifetime there were rumours that his relationship with Emilie Lavergne, wife of his sometime law partner, Joseph Lavergne, was other than platonic; that Laurier, indeed, had fathered one of her children (her son, Armand).

Joseph Schull, the biographer of Laurier, pooh-poohs these rumors, as do other Laurier scholars, including J.W. Dafoe. Even Marc La Terreur, who gave special attention to the matter, writes: "A tender friendship, a literary friendship, a similarity of tastes between two intellectuals . . . Personally, I don't believe the nature of their relations had been more intimate."

Now along comes Charles Boddy Fisher with the claim that the rumours had, indeed, substance in fact. He bases this conclusion on letters from Laurier to Emilie over a period of three years, 1891 to 1893, when Laurier was in his early fifties and Emilie some six years his junior. Mr. Fisher purchased these letters in the 1970s and they are here published along with his commentary and interpretation.

To this reviewer, Mr. Fisher's commentary is persuasive but not convincing. Nor is there much in the letters to indicate that they are, as he claims, "the stuff of history". They deal with health problems, (both his and hers), inquiries as to the progress of Emilie's children, Laurier's dislike of Ottawa, *etcetera*; but, except for a request that Emilie use her influence to effect a reconciliation between Laurier and Edward Blake, virtually nothing about Laurier's consuming interest, politics. There are endearing words and sentiments, certainly, and references to a cloud-cuckoo-land where he and Emilie could be together without all the fuss, bother and trials of everyday living; but they are hardly the words of a passionate lover.

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Strangely enough, while Mr. Fisher goes to great lengths to have us accept his thesis, he has enlisted to write the preface to his book Paul Gerin-Lajoie, who refuses to endorse his opinions. Writes M. Gerin-Lajoie: "Truly, the letters do not help resolve the enigma of the assuredly affectionate relationship which Laurier had with Emilie Lavergne." Hardly the supporting statement one would expect in a preface.

A dispassionate reading of these letters brought to mind to this reader a facet of Scottish law, where a jury may bring in not just a verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty" but something in between entitled "not proven". That would seem to be the just verdict in the present case.

Even if Mr. Fisher were right, however, it would be of little moment. Laurier's impact on history is not based on his relationship with "Dearest Emilie" (whatever it was) but on his role as party leader and Prime Minister of Canada and on the part he played in scuttling Joseph Chamberlain's Imperial Conferences — an important step on the road to Canada's maturity into nationhood — near the turn of the century.

Tom Saunders is a former editor with the "Winnipeg Free Press".

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Western Perspectives

By Robert Coutts

IMAGES OF THE WEST
Changing Perceptions of the Prairies, 1690-1960

By R. Douglas Francis. Western Producer Prairie Books, Saskatoon, 1989. 268 pp., illus. $27.50.

As a unique region of Canada, the West has for over three centuries produced images which are both strongly evocative and immensely varied. From isolated wilderness to a "region of the mind", different and at times conflicting views of the prairies have been recorded in historical writing, literature, government propaganda, art, photography and music. Shaped as much by geography, climate, culture and politics, as by the influence of external forces, these myths have played an undeniable role in defining for the West a unique regional identity.

Images of the West by R. Douglas Francis attempts to outline how the prairies have been pictured over time and how "ideas or images of the West shaped the region as much, if not more than, the decisions of politicians, the intricate workings of the economy, and the daily activities of its people". For Francis it is people's perceptions which provide a Western "identity", an identity which emerged from the images contained in generations of literary and historical writings. While *Images of the West* tackles an interesting subject — the formulation and reformulation of perception — it is hardly a groundbreaking study. The work done by scholars such as Ronald Rees, Douglas Owram and J.E. Rea, although freely acknowledged and credited by the author, figure prominently in Francis' analysis. The book does not represent original scholarship and most of the ideas will be familiar enough to students of Western Canadian history. The text, although composed as the author says with "broad strokes rather than minute details", is for the most part superficially written and the analysis that it offers lacks any real or sustained depth.

Francis divides his text into six chapters which parallel the different images of the West that he argues emerged between 1650 and 1980. Within each time period he identifies "the dominant . . . image of the era", which, while not exclusive, he feels "reflected the prevailing belief about the West at the time." In qualifying his argument, however, Francis admits that in an effort to better fit the evidence to the model he has to "take material out of context" and "overlook other less pronounced images". With these introductory caveats the reader approaches the body of the text with understandable caution.

Francis begins with the image of the prairies as the "western wasteland", that is, the perception of the West before 1850 as "cold, barren, desolate [and] inhospitable." (It should be pointed out that the images discussed by Francis are almost exclusively white in origin. The views and perceptions of Native people in any of the historic periods covered by the book are virtually ignored.) It is an old story; for the fur traders the West, though lucrative, was a "wilderness full of danger", for the missionaries it was a "moral desert", and for the early Red River settlers their tiny colony

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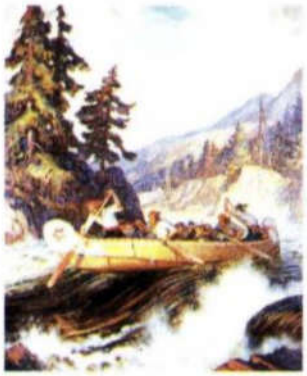
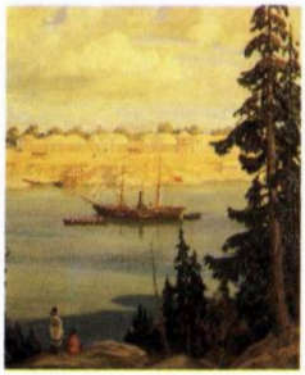
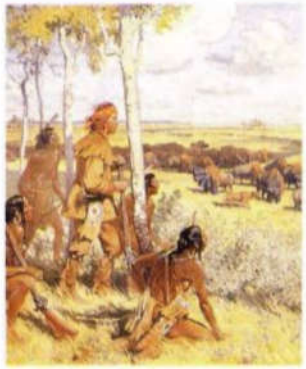


A. *Chief Trader Archibald McDonald Descending the Fraser*
By A. Sherriff Scott.



B. *S.S. "Beaver" Off Fort Victoria*
By A. Sherriff Scott.



C. *Kelsey Sees the Buffalo*
By C.W. Jefferys.

D. *Trading Ceremony At York Factory*
By A. Sherriff Scott.

Over the years the Hudson's Bay Company has commissioned distinguished Canadian painters to create works depicting important events in the long history of the Company. Among the most popular works in the HBC collection are those pictured above by C.W. Jefferys and A. Sherriff Scott.

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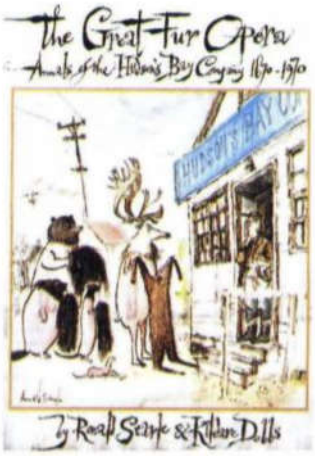

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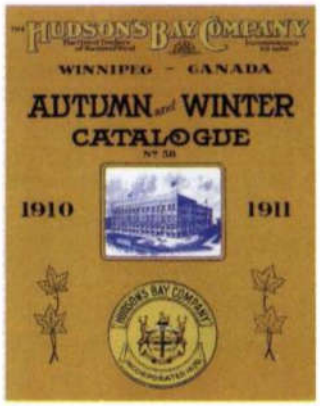

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represented an "oasis in the wasteland". By 1845, however, the age of Romanticism had influenced a generation of writers, poets and artists who portrayed the West as God's sanctum, a wilderness that invoked an almost spiritual communion between man and his creator. At the same time the West was viewed through a nationalist and imperialist lens which focused on the region as the "fount of national greatness and imperial grandeur". Within its borders, the nationalists believed, the West contained the natural resources and potential for settlement and agriculture that would make the country one of the most powerful on earth. By the latter part of the 19th century a new utopian image of the West — "a promised land, a garden of abundance in which all material wants would be provided and where moral and civic virtues would be perfected" — replaced an earlier perception of the region. Where once an image of pristine wilderness held sway, the dominant image after 1880, according to Francis, became the need to make over this "virgin" territory into a bountiful agricultural hinterland and a new society of prosperous farmers. Boosterism was the order of the day in literature and art, while immigration propaganda promised the "last best West" to the populations of Eastern and Central Canada, the U.S., Great Britain and Eastern and Western Europe.

But about the same time, Francis argues, another image, that of "Western realism" arose which challenged this utopian mythology. By the 1920s and 30s the accounts of settlers, as well as an emerging regional art and literature, "depicted the Canadian prairies as a harsh land that restricted the creative powers of its inhabitants." A "literature of realism" appeared following World War I, as did a new visual art form, a realistic style that differed from an earlier romantic tradition. Moreover, a new interpretation of Western history was developed during this period in the form of the metropolitan thesis which viewed the West as an economic hinterland for Eastern interests.

By 1945, however, these earlier images of the West and its physical landscape had evolved into an image of what Francis calls the "mythic West", a new cultural landscape and "region of the mind" (a phrase first used in Richard Allen's 1973 publication of the same name) that was, according to Francis, a perception of the region that was often independent of the physical environment. A new generation of writers and artists born and raised in the West — W.L. Morton, Margaret Laurence, W.O. Mitchell, Rudy Wiebe, Robert Kroetsch and William Kurelek among many others — set out to rediscover their non-collective past by formulating a regional mythology that relied on new cultural expressions.

Throughout these changing images of the West, says Francis, is a consistent awareness that the prairies have been shaped and affected by outside forces. Fur trade capital, nationalist interests and the views of romantic writers, poets and artists have all helped to formulate a prevailing image that was largely exernal in origin. The search for an uniquely Western identity, a "self-generating image within the region itself" is, he claims, a more recent phenomenon and one that continues to this day.

How convincing is the model that Francis has constructed? While he has marshalled a number of written and visual primary sources with which to illustrate his thesis (although there are a few selections, like the excerpts from La Vérendrye's journal which almost contradict the very image the author wishes to portray) the reader is left wondering just how pervasive these images actually were. The author's argument for the existence of a "dominant" image, to the exclusion of competing or even contradictory perceptions, remains unconvincing. Moreover, the process by which one particular image is replaced by another is only vaguely considered while the complexity of competing ideas, perceptions and realities receives only superficial coverage. At another level these images of the West, as chronicled by Francis, are more than simply external perceptions. They are in the broadest sense official images, or images that were fashioned for specific purposes such as fur trade, agricultural settlement or imperialist hegemony. Whether these views predominated outside of the official or semi-official realm of ideas remains contentious at best.

While *Images of the West* offers a broad survey of Western Canadian history that could be of some interest to the general reader, it is the author's collection of primary source materials and competent bibliography which might be of use to scholars. The book's many illustrations have been attractively reproduced, especially the eleven colour paintings by artists such as Rindisbacher, Verner, Kerr and Kurelek. There are, however, puzzling "glitches" in the book. Why, for instance, is the book's subtitle, "Changing Perceptions of the Prairies", which appears on the dust jacket, changed to "Responses to the Canadian Prairies" on the inside title page? As well, the inclusive dates for the study are given on the cover as 1690 to 1960 even though the chapter titles (and indeed the primary source selections) survey the period from 1650 to 1980. No doubt the cover was designed by the publisher with little reference to the actual text.

Images of the West is neither a detailed nor particularly satisfying account of the role of images in Western Canadian history. At the conclusion of the text one is left wondering what might come after the period the author has called the "mythic West". Francis leaves us with this clue: "The fascination of the region will remain in the future as Westerners continue to want to seek their identity through their own images of the West." However, it could well be the economic forces of continentalism as represented in such things as the Free Trade Agreement, or the homogenizing effect of American mass media, culture and capital which pose the greatest challenge to the continued formation of a Western Canadian identity.

Robert Coutts is an historian with the Canadian Parks Service.

Friend to the Beaver

By Clarence Tillenius

FROM THE LAND OF SHADOWS
The Making of Grey Owl

By Donald B. Smith. Western Producer Prairie Books, Saskatoon, 1990. 320 pp., illus. $24.95.

It was another time, another society. Probably no person younger than 50 can even faintly realize today the tremendous impact — not only on Canadian audiences but throughout the British Isles — of this extraordinary phenomenon, Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin, Grey Owl.

His writings, his books, his beautiful Iroquois wife Anahareo ("Little Pony"), the remarkable black and white films by Bill Oliver and Bert Bach showing Grey Owl and his "Beaver People", but above all his inimitable platform lectures to the tens of thousands who swarmed to see and hear him, everything about him bespoke an extraordinary personality.

Many books have been written about this unusual man, but the most complete, best-documented is surely this newly published volume. It is the culmination of more than twenty years of research, years in which the author interviewed many individuals, travelled widely in England, Canada and the U.S. fully to document the facts of this incredible career.

Grey Owl (or Archie Belaney), though technically an imposter, was, curiously enough even when unmasked viewed with both sympathy and admiration by the thousands his message of respect for the earth we all share had convinced that here had been a true Messiah of the Wilds.

Yet not all. Several years after his death in 1938 I was talking in the Natural History Museum in Minneapolis with the curator, William Kilgore III. We spoke of Grey Owl and Kilgore said: "You know, I had so fervently admired Grey Owl and his message; the shock was so great when I learned that he was no Indian but an Englishman it was literally months — years, actually — before I could open his books again. Yet all the time I *knew* he was a great writer, a great force for good. Even today I cannot read some of his writings — such as *"The Tree"* without being moved to tears".

Though Grey Owl has now been dead over half a century, Donald B.

Grey Owl and kit.

Smith ably summarizes the influence this legendary figure still exerts on this and coming generations. He cites a favorite theme of Grey Owl's, Emerson's essay "Compensation" which Grey Owl interpreted as "a dark cloud lurked behind every silver lining, and a silver lining behind every dark cloud". In his case the silver lining behind his tormented, unhappy childhood was the time he spent with animals. He broke away completely from those in the mainstream and gained insights denied to most. Through his books, articles, films, and lectures, he opened the eyes of many Canadians to something that they were previously unable to see, or to appreciate. He helped to create an atmosphere and climate of concern that the Canadian environment movement, which emerged thirty years later, could build on. With a vision denied to the four-year politicians of his day, and to the public commentators of the decade, he called on Canadians to conserve their natural resources, which he knew were very limited. The timely nature of his message has kept him in the Canadian consciousness.

A new generation of readers discovered his books when conservation became a popular concern in the 1960s and 1970s. Macmillan reprinted all of his books in paperback in the early 1970s. Two decades later, all the books remain in print, quite a compliment to the memory of an author who died over 50 years ago.

Bill Oliver's still photos and his magnificent films of Grey Owl and the beaver still had great popular appeal in the 1970s, as had Yousuf Karsh's stunning portrait taken in Ottawa in late February 1936. Vera Fidler's well-illustrated article in the May 1972 issue of *Canadian Geographical Journal*, with the title "Grey Owl: A Man Ahead of his Time," summarized the new appreciation of the man in a polluted, contaminated universe.

Using stills and documentary film footage, as well as interviews with those who had known Grey Owl, Nancy Ryley of CBC Television produced a moving portrait of the man, released in early December 1972. This film, with lengthy interviews with publisher Lovat Dickson who had returned to live in Canada in the mid-1960s, Anahareo, and several of Grey Owl's friends in Biscotasing, probably did more than anything else to date to stimulate a new wave of interest in the man. Lovat Dickson's publication the following year of his *Wilderness Man* provided readers with the first full biography of Grey Owl.

The fact that Grey Owl's cabins at both Riding Mountain and Prince Albert national parks were restored in the 1970s adds greatly to his continuing reputation today. At first the parks had been reluctant to remember him, after Superintendent James Wood left and took up his new post as superintendent at Jasper National Park in late 1938. The new administration at Prince Albert National Park and the Parks Branch did little to keep alive Grey Owl's memory. Grey Owl's friend Dr. van der Sleen of the Netherlands, who had visited him in 1936, returned in 1939. The neglect of Beaver Lodge after Superintendent Wood's departure surprised the internationally-known natural history lecturer and writer. He wrote a senior official in Ottawa about his concerns and urged that Beaver Lodge be kept up. Nothing was done. The Canadian writer Kathleen Strange visited Beaver Lodge in the late 1940s to find it "falling into a sad state of decay and disrepair." "The cabin in which Grey Owl lived and wrote his famous stories and books was dirty and neglected; his snowshoes, propped against an outside wall, were rotting away; and his canoe in which he spent so many happy hours, was lying on the ground broken in half."

But with the rebirth of interest in Grey Owl in the early 1970s, the Canadian Parks Service finally acted, making the area around Beaver Lodge a wilderness sanctuary and restoring the cabin itself. Edwin and Margery Wilder, a concerned American couple, became so influenced by Grey Owl's conservationist philosophy that in August 1988 they gave $750,000 to ensure the preservation of the wilderness canoe routes in the nature sanctuary, as well as to take care of Beaver Lodge. As Margery Wilder explained: "There is something so unique about this area that it just has to be preserved."

Thanks to Prince Albert National Park's protection of Beaver Lodge and Lake Ajawaan, which can only be approached by a forest path, the magic story of the English boy who became Grey Owl, a Canadian folk hero, will live on as long as the park itself.

Wildlife artist Clarence Tillenius is a longtime contributor to "The Beaver".

THE PACKET

Letters, Notes and Opinion

The 'Tea Towel Version'

I read with great interest the article about the *Canadian Boat Song* by Hubert G. Mayes [*The Beaver*, April/May 1991], as I had been intrigued by the various attributions and changes since last summer, when, in the Hebrides, I bought a tea towel on which was printed the familiar second stanza and an altered version of the fourth stanza.

I have known the original poem since my childhood days in Toronto. Probably it was read or recited to me long before I could read. I was told it was anonymous, a fact that was confirmed by *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, 1939 edition. But later, when I read it in *Grass of Parnassus*, an anthology we had in high school, it was attributed to John Galt. Still later, I found the second stanza in *Other Men's Flowers*, an anthology compiled by Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell, under the title " 'Scotland Yet' from the Canadian Boat Song." In this case it was followed by the note:

> Attributed to D.M. Moir, but the authorship is disputed. Someone has even troubled to write a whole book on this literary problem. — A.P.W.

That anthology was published in 1944, and I thought your readers might be interested to know that others, besides Mr. Hayes, felt that David MacBeth Moir was the logical author.

It is ironic that the fourth stanza, which, according to the musical setting, "may be omitted" was chosen for the commercial "tea towel version" and that it was altered to read:

> The bold kindred,
> in the time long vanished,
> Conquered the soil and fortified
> the keep,
> No seer foretold the children
> should be banished
> That a noble lord
> can boast his sheep.

The change not only destroys the metre, but also reinforces the observation of Mr. Mayes, that "there was apparently a danger that someone might be offended by the line about 'a degenerate lord'."

Mary K. McPherson,
Baltimore, Maryland.

THE BEAVER

A Gift
That Lasts
All Year

The Brat Strikes Again

I was highly amused with the nineteenth-century political cartoon of Johnny Canuck giving a swift kick to the seat of Uncle Sam's pants, that *The Beaver* ran accompanying the excellent "Explorations" piece: "Making Our Gardens Grow" in your February/March 1991 issue. Your caption described it as a bit of Canadian jingoism first published in 1869. Recently, in the course of my own research, I uncovered yet another splendid example drawn by the early twentieth-century American cartoonist and illustrator, Ryan Walker (1870-1932). This particular "Johnny" comes from the Saturday 25 April, 1908 edition of the Pensacola (Florida) *Journal*, Vol. XI, No. 100, Page 1, and distributed through the International Syndicate of Baltimore. Though the caption: "Young Canada, (scornfully) — Keep to your books, you doddering old numskull, I am the British Empire now!" isn't event-specific, it most likely reflects Sir Wilfrid Laurier's celebrated 1908 snub of the British Foreign Office, through his creation of a "Canadian Department of External Affairs." This cartoon could very well have appeared in Canadian papers, yet I am struck by its appearance here in far-distant Florida. It's a delightful surprise, and testimony to a general interest in Laurier's Ottawa when even Washington D.C. was remote to Southern U.S. affairs.

I enclose photographic copies for your archives.

Nathan Woolsey,
Milton, Florida.

Skunked

When is a skunk not a "*Mephistis mephistis*"? A letter from Stuart E. Jenness headed "Skunks of Victoria Island" [*The Beaver*, February/March 1991] mentions me as having recorded the first skunk entry in the Read Island "Journal of Daily Events" on 20 February 1934.

On this date, I was in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company Post at Baillie Island about 500 miles to the west of Read Island.

My personal diary records on 20 February 1934 that the Rev. Thomas Murray, Anglican minister from Aklavik, stayed overnight and left for Cape Bathurst on that date.

At no time was I ever at Read Island. The other two men mentioned were at Read Island on the latter dates and are now deceased.

A perusal of the Read Island Journal at the Hudson's Bay Company Archives gives a very simple explanation of skunks being mentioned.

The 20 February 1934 entry states that two Eskimo trappers arrived at Read Island after several days on their traplines. One had caught three foxes, the other had a skunk.

The meaning here is one trapper had caught three foxes, the other came back empty-handed.

How many times have we heard a person referred to as a skunk and in the game of cribbage, a player can get a skunk.

Being an old fur trader I am quite familiar with what skunk and wolverine look like, having traded for the pelts of both in Northern Saskatchewan well over sixty years ago.

Charles Reiach,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Beaver

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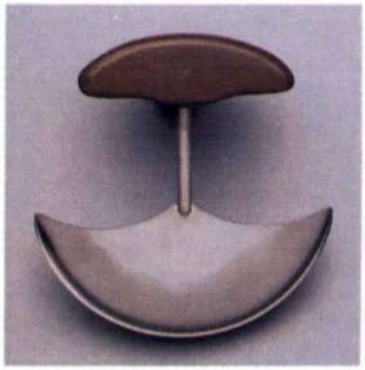

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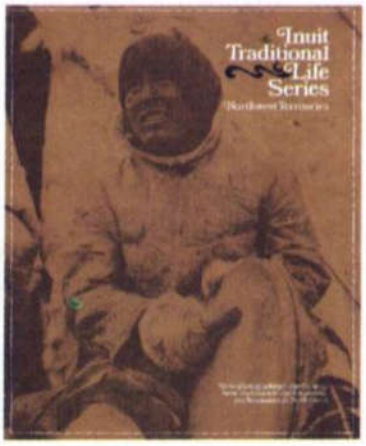

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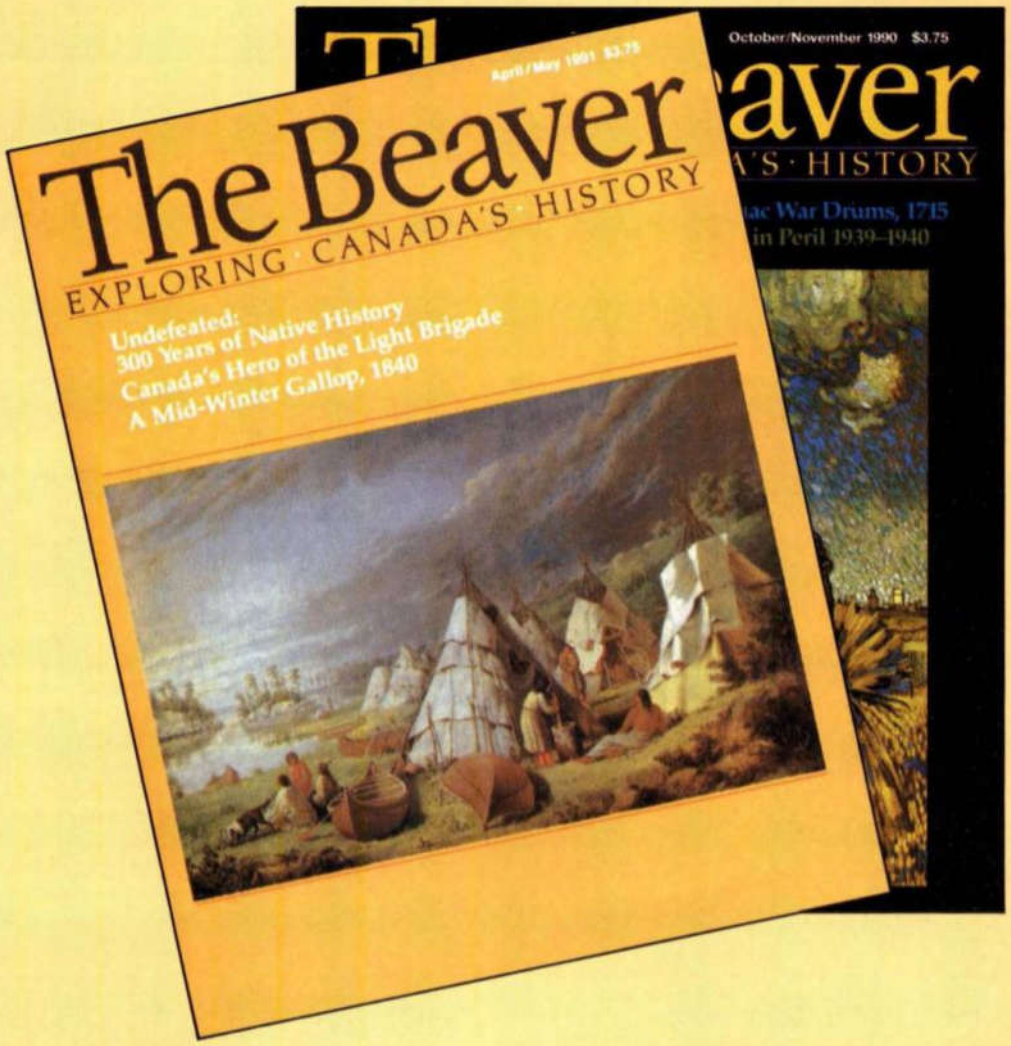

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